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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Robert Heap

"Of *course* I place you! You're Bob Jones of Birmingham."

"If I remember correctly — and I *do* remember correctly — John Bagshaw, the supermarket man, introduced me to you at the dinner of the Bowls Club three years ago in October. I haven't laid eyes on you since. How is the motor business? How did the merger work out?"

The assurance of this speaker — in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Piccadilly compelled me to look at him, though it is not my habit to 'eavesdrop' even in a hotel reception.

"He is Dr. Bruno Furst, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Bob Clark, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast-master was introducing a long line of guests to Dr. Furst. I got in line, and when it came my turn, Dr. Furst asked, "What are your initials Mr. Heap, your occupation and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the sixty men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What's more, he named each man's occupation and telephone number.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, playing cards, prices, newspaper articles and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * *

When I met Dr. Furst he rather bowled me over by saying:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things.

"My own memory," continued Bruno Furst, "was originally very faulty. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably over ten thousand men and women in the world, many of whom I have met only once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is alright for you, Dr. Furst," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Heap", he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of twelve simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to. His Course did; I got it the next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the entire country to find I had learned — in about one hour — how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That lesson *stuck*. So did the other eleven. Indeed, I was so impressed I introduced Dr. Furst's Course to this country.

Read this letter from Mr. J. W. Sullivan of London SW2:

"I feel I must drop you a line and let you know how pleased I am with your course.

"I used to be laughed at in the office here about my poor memory and I must admit with a lot of truth.

"Since I started your course my memory has improved out of all recognition.

"What is more the course is interesting and not tedious."

Mr. Sullivan didn't exaggerate.

Dr Bruno Furst's Course is fantastic! I can rely on my memory now. I can recall the name of anyone I have met before — and I keep getting better. I can remember any figures I wish. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly. What's more my concentration has improved.

The old fear of forgetting has vanished. I used to be 'scared stiff' of speaking — because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident, and relaxed when I get on my feet at the club, at a dinner, in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

The most enjoyable part of it all is that I am now a good conversationalist — and I used to be as quiet as a lamb when I got into a crowd of people.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want. I used to think a 'hair trigger' memory belonged to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every one of us has that kind of memory if we know how to make it work.

It's a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

What's more, I have become more popular and influential.

This Dr. Furst Course will do wonders in your work.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I think" or "It was about so much" or "I forgot" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Here is a letter from Mr. W. J. Heaney, a well-known journalist in Ireland:

"Thank you for the Memory and Concentration Course . . . I would like you to know that I have been captivated by it and now regret that I had not the good fortune to come upon it years ago.

"I am a journalist with both a multiplicity of interests and a voracious hunger for learning. This I tell you so that you will understand my need of a reliable memory and also the priceless value of the course to me.

"Dr. Furst I have come to regard as a multiple genius, and in 'You Can Remember!', I am astonished to find so much value for so small a fee."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Full details of Dr. Furst's amazing Course are available free on request. You will be astounded to learn what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in both business and social advancement will be enormous.

ROBERT HEAP

Send No Money

Full details of Dr. Furst's easy-to-follow method for developing a powerful memory are contained in a free booklet entitled "Adventures in Memory". To obtain your copy, and further proof that Dr. Furst's system really works, merely post the coupon (you don't even need to stamp your envelope), or send your name and address to: Memory & Concentration Studies, (Dept. PYM57), FREEPOST 246, London WC1A 1BR.

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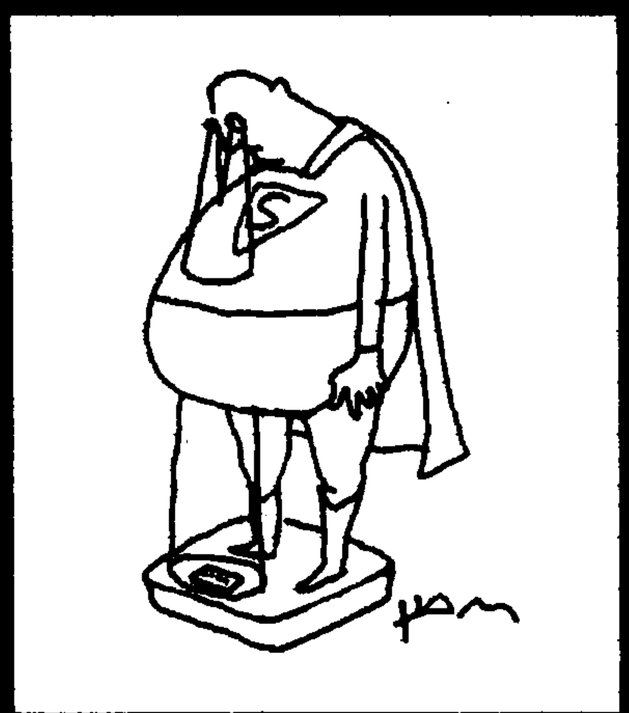

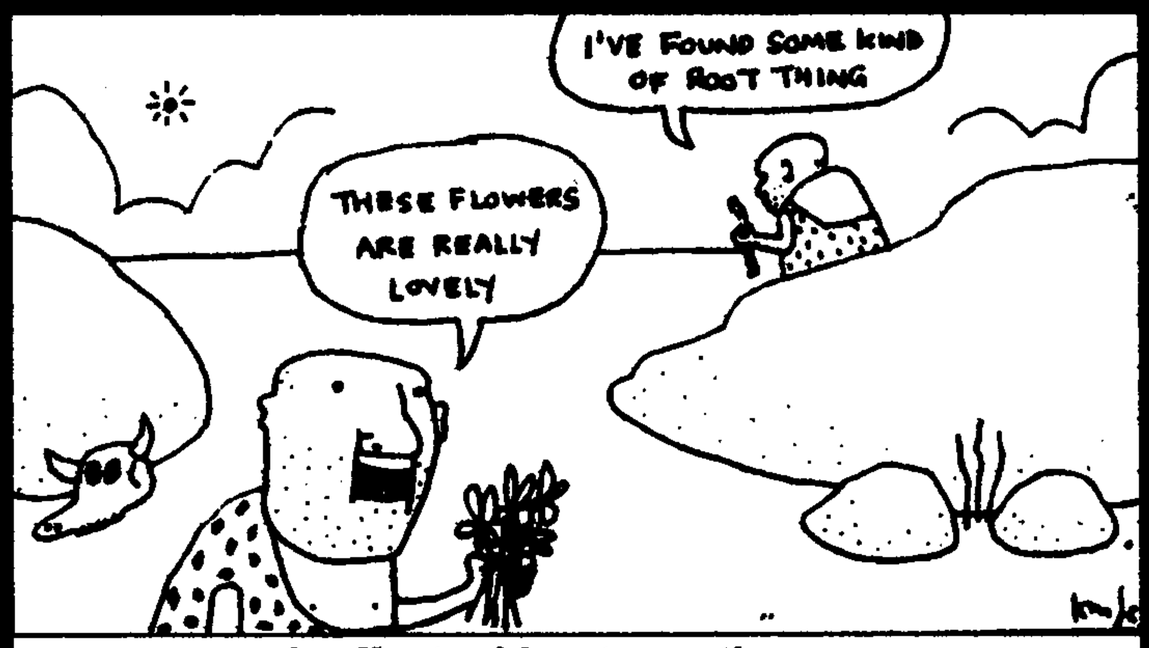

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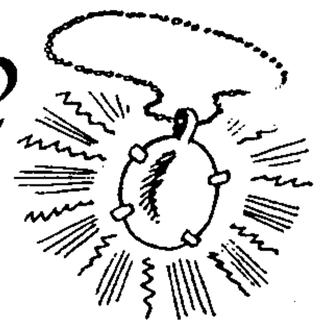
The Lucky Pendant of Cherie



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- **Deadly radiation from the Internet**
- ***Krypton* contamination from your microwave**
- **Poisonous aromatherapy fumes**
- **Negative feng shui in Gordon Brown's house**
- **Bad vibes from young men called Derek Draper**

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- *Husband promoted to senior post*
- *£2,000 hair-do*
- *Salary increase to £2 million per hour*
- *Two tickets to premiere of* Dr Dolittle

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COLOUR SECTION

JUST FANCY THAT!

PR Week, the indispensable trade paper for public relations practitioners, 3 July 1998:

"There is no doubt that the public affairs industry has cleaned up its act in recent years. Most agencies have severed financial links with MPs and even peers."

The *Observer*, 5 July 1998: "New Labour insiders offer secrets for cash".

● ***More Hype 10***

THE internal voice mail was humming at accountants Arthur Andersen this month with the "wonderful news" that "we have at last won our chance to put something back into the community".

The rejoicing was caused by Andersens' involvement in the new education action zones into which the Labour government are introducing expensive private enterprise.

The new deal seals an old friendship. Arthur Andersen's sister organisation, Andersen Consulting, started wooing the Labour Party when John Smith was leader. First, they carried out free surveys for Smith's Borrie commission on tax and benefits. Then they hired Patricia Hewitt, Neil Kinnock's former press officer, now MP for Leicester West. Last year they arranged a series of expensive seminars at Templeton College, Oxford, in which more than 100 Labour front-benchers were schooled in "the art of government" by Andersen whizz kids. In November last year Arthur Andersen settled a 12-year dispute with the government over the De Lorean affair — a settlement which allowed the firm once again to do business with the government. Now the *Financial Times* reports (15 July) that Andersens provided free "investigatory work" to "prove" that Geoffrey Robinson never got £200,000 from a Maxwell firm for which Andersens acted as receiver.

The truth is that Andersens will do almost anything free for the Labour Party, especially if it relates to social justice, and the relationship between the two can only get better.

● ***More HP Sauce – Mr Lobby Special 8***

THE recent media interest in police sickness has been observed wryly by former Inspector John Kenny who served 30 years in the Metropolitan Police, 21 of them without taking a day off sick.

Mr Kenny has been campaigning for years, in and out of the force, to stop the shocking waste of public money on sick policemen and their pensions, but until now nobody has taken a blind bit of notice. There is also plenty of evidence that Mr Kenny's own career was damaged by his interest in saving money on police sick pay.

The *Eye* reported in February (No 943) that Mr Kenny was refused promotion to superintendent in 1990 at least partly because he was "over-emphatic about dealing with sickness". Now he discovers the report of a Promotion Selection Board the previous year. A "short synopsis of his performance" complained: "He seems to have a fixation of absenteeism in the police service and on no less than three occasions got onto the subject." Although "his contribution to the Force cannot be minimised" promotion should be refused until "he learns to temper his enthusiasm with professionalism". John Kenny never made it to superintendent.

● ***More Footnotes 26-27***

THE Solicitors Disciplinary Tribunal is not best known for undue strictness, but it could hardly avoid fining Gary Streeter, the MP for South West Devon, for "conduct unbecoming".

Mr Streeter cheerfully brushed aside the £1000 fine. "The chairman of the tribunal was good enough to say that my integrity was not impugned in any way," he declared. "It was not a serious matter, but an error of judgement and a technical breach of Law Society rules."

That was not Mr Streeter's view two years ago when the *Eye* dealt with the connections between Mr Streeter and a West Country entrepreneur called Trevor Ivens. With Streeter's help, Ivens set up a number of electronics companies in the late 1980s and early 1990s, all of which went bust with spectacular debts.

When Ivens Electronics went bust Gary Streeter helped Mr Ivens form a new company with two others of Streeter's clients, David and Lynda Moss. A new company was formed for this purpose with Streeter on the board. The conflicts of interest here were too much for the disciplinary tribunal.

One reason why so little attention was paid to the *Eye*'s revelations in 1996 might have been that Mr Streeter, who was elected Tory MP for Plymouth Sutton in 1992, had just been appointed a junior minister in the Lord Chancellor's department, responsible for law and order.

Mr Streeter, who changed his seat to the much safer South West Devon in 1997, so avoiding defeat, is now William Hague's shadow minister for overseas development.

● ***In the City 28***

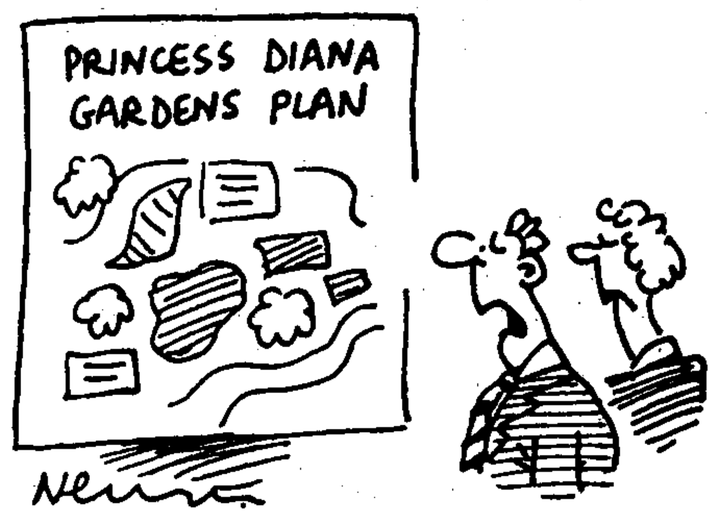
QUOTE OF THE WEEK

ROBERT SAULTERS, Grand Master of the Portadown Orange Lodge, could not bring himself to call off the Drumcree stand-off after the murder of three children from a mixed marriage. Mr Saulter describes Tony Blair as a traitor who "would sell his soul to the devil". Blair's crime was obvious: "Marrying a Romanist".

AS THE debate about Viagra rumbles on, those in the media are having no difficulty in finding suitable figures to speak out on the subject.

While Radio Five Live recently led with an item on the impotence wonder drug from reporter Sharon Alcock, Radio Four really pulled out the stops, booking a live interview with expert Nancy Dicky.

● ***BBC Round-Up 11***



"It's a minefield!"

NEWS

MORE in the series of unlikely businessmen sitting on Prince Charles's environmentally friendly business regeneration charity "Business in the Community". Following on from Sir David Barnes, of leading gene modifiers Zeneca Pharmaceutical, and Sir Anthony Cleaver, who ran the doomed nuclear station at Dounreay, comes the charity's vice-chairman, Stephen O'Brien.

He also sits on the construction giant Tarmac's environmental panel. This puts out glossy brochures each year full of news of the environmental progress made by the company that hacked the M3 through Twyford Down and is currently building the second motorway at Manchester Airport (where it received an enforcement order for destroying hedgerows and trees).

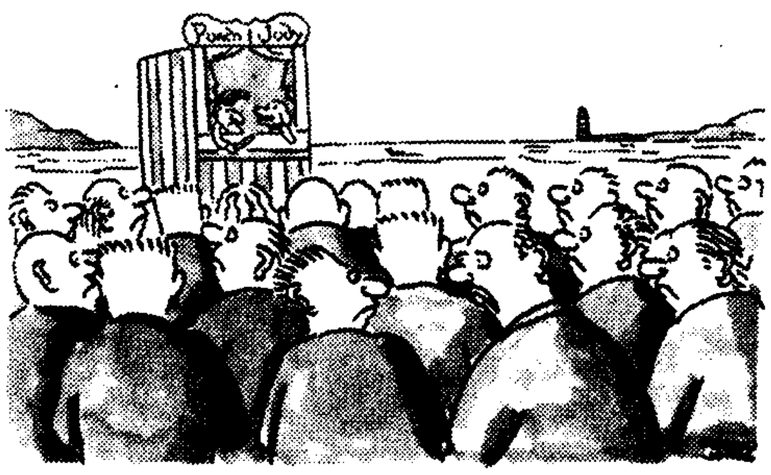
ALL change at the Countryside Alliance where former Tory MP Charles Goodson Wickes has quit as chairman (as predicted in *Eyes passim*) after mounting criticism of his appointment of businessman Edward "Papa" Duke as the organisation's chief executive.

Janet George, the Alliance's PR woman driven out by Goodson Wickes, must also be replaced. In the meantime Duke has called in David Burnside Associates to do an internal audit of his beleaguered PR department. David Burnside is well-known to *Eye* readers for his high profile clients of the past, including British Airways (at the time of the dirty tricks accusations) and the Unionist Information Office.

Yet these personnel changes have not cooled tempers at the Alliance, in fact new revelations about Duke could rip the green wellie organisation apart. For despite paying Duke twice as much as his predecessor, Robin Hanbury Tennison, it seems that the new chief executive isn't even working full-time for his astonishing £200,000 a year pay package.

WHAT Foreign Office Minister Derek Fatchett calls the "developed and sophisticated" judicial system in Dubai has been on parade again in the case of golf-course designer George Atkinson, imprisoned without trial since March last year.

The *Eye* reported the case in detail on 26 June. On 12 July, Mr Atkinson's case was in court again for an examination of a chief witness against him, his former accountant. For once the judge appeared to listen to the evidence and was obviously unimpressed by what he heard. He ordered Mr Atkinson to be released on bail. A surety, a businesswoman friend of the Atkinsons, agreed to put up the required amount — £80,000 — and surrender her passport. All was in order for Mr Atkinson's release on 18 July. But suddenly the developed and sophisticated judicial authorities seemed to change their minds. When Mr Atkinson's surety appeared in court again she was insulted and asked searching questions about her bank account. She was then told the bail was not £80,000 but, er, £2.7m, which she couldn't possibly raise. Mr Atkinson rots in prison while the Dubai judicial authorities can't even uphold their own decisions.



"Of course, I'm old enough to remember the golden years of Corporate Entertainment"

Street Of Shame

"HUGE lead over Times" trumpeted a *Daily Telegraph* headline on 11 July, following the release of the Audit Bureau of Circulations' monthly figures for June.

"In an impressive year for *The Daily Telegraph*, the paper recorded yet another huge lead over *The Times*, according to the official circulation figures for June..." the *Torygraph* boasted.

"Times up, Telegraph down — again" said the *Times*'s headline on its story about the same set of figures on the same day. "The sales gap between *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph* has again closed sharply, according to the official ABC circulation figures..."

How can the circulation figures be a triumph for *both* of the leading broadsheets? Er, they can't. The grim truth is that newspapers sales in Britain show a remorseless long-term decline, and the sagging figures are propped up by a variety of discounts and gimmicks, backed up by bragging, misleading claims.

The *Torygraph* sold 1,073,822 in the period Jan-June 1998, against the *Times*'s 787,788, according to ABC — a lead of 286,034. The *Telegraph* chose to highlight the lead for June only, which was a more flattering, but not representative 296,933. Furthermore, the *Telegraph* accused the *Times* of a "frenzy of price-cutting" to attract readers, while neglecting to mention that 278,000 of its own sales — almost accounting for its entire lead — are heavily discounted subscription copies.

On the face of it, the *Telegraph* — down 4.52 per cent year-on-year — has far less to boast about than the *Times* — up 5.36 per cent. But the *Times*'s triumphs *are* almost entirely dependent on price-cutting. At the turn of the year, when the Monday *Times* sold for 10p, the paper was selling 842,341. Its circulation has declined remorselessly since then, as the Monday price rose first to 20p, in January, then to 30p in May, in line with the rest of the week — still 15p less than the *Telegraph*.

The *Times*'s share of the daily quality broadsheet market slumped from 28.8 per cent in January to 26.51 per cent in June. Putting aside cut-rate and subscription copies and freebies, the *Times* only sold 429,889 full-price copies in June, against the *Telegraph*'s 726,783. Not figures that you will hear either of them boasting about — but the only fair comparison.

"TELLY beauty Anthea Turner" gave an interview to *The Sun* with a blow-by-blow account of her heartbreak when lover Grant Bovey went back to his wife.

This "World Exclusive" about the presenter of the pisspoor *National Lottery Big Ticket* continued inside with more turgid details of their relationship and the exciting news that "Nightmare made me lose half a stone". Anthea reveals that she is now in great shape because she needed to work out "to take my mind off the problems in my life".

What's more, "I also had cellulite on the back of my legs before. Now it's pretty much gone".

The purpose behind all this blathering soon became clear: "Anthea is now concentrating on filming a new fitness video. 'The last video was such as success for Virgin Vision that they asked me to do another'." Another perfectly timed revelation from the "stunning TV host"!

FORMER *Grauniad* media editor John Mulholland, off to edit the Mirror Group's revamped *Sporting Life*, is going the right way about pleasing his new masters.

Grauniad cricket writer Matthew Engel, who is also a historian of Fleet Street, wrote a valedictory piece about the death of the old *Life*, supposedly the Queen Mum's favourite reading matter, in which he made some caustic remarks about the Mirror Group management, headed by David "Rommel" Montgomery.

Purely because of pressure of space, no doubt, Mulholland was unable to find room for Engel's piece in Media *Grauniad* — and put it on the spike.

THE *Mail on Sunday* is hauling part-time sub-editor Steve Wells before a disciplinary hearing on 23 July for failing to turn up for his shift on Saturday 13 June.

Football fanatic Wells's crime was to decide in the middle of the night (as one does) to head off to France for the World Cup on Eurostar instead of going in to work that day. Grossly irresponsible you will agree, m'lud.

The reason Wells faces a fully-fledged "disciplinary hearing" rather than an old-fashioned bollocking from the chief sub is that the *MoS* at first swallowed rumours that swept round Fleet St that he had been arrested for heaving a bottle at a gendarme in St Etienne prior to England's defeat against Argentina. This got underway after footage of Wells beating a drum on the beach at Marseilles had been shown on *News at Ten*. ITN's report suggested that the drummer was leading rioting England fans into battle against Tunisian supporters. Wells, who had shaved his head and donned Buddhist monk-style saffron robes for the occasion (as one does) says he was merely indulging in a little "zen drumming for England" and has consulted m'learned friends about suing ITN for libel.

He also has a hundred witnesses who can swear that he was long out of bottle-throwing range of St Etienne's *flics* on the night of the Argentina match — because he actually watched it in a pub in Chiswick.

The *Mail on Sunday* now accepts this version of events and says that the disciplinary hearing is "a private matter, unconnected with football". But had the paper checked its facts and not jumped the gun in the first place, it would not be happening.

"It's the willy season!"

NO ONE was more disgusted by the union-busting at Mirror Group Newspapers in 1992 and 1993 than media tycoon Clive Hollick. Hollick, whose Labour Party credentials were impeccable, had been enticed onto the Mirror board by new chief executive David "Rommel" Montgomery to make the new regime seem more palatable to Labour supporters.

When Montgomery brought in his former bagman from *Today*, David Seymour, to replace Hollick's chum Alastair Campbell as political editor, Hollick resigned from the board in a fury. He muttered darkly about "the industrial tactics of a Wild West saloon".

During the cull of NUJ members at the *Mirror*, Montgomery and co flirted with the idea of not paying the sacked journalists their full redundancy entitlement. A study of employment law led them to conclude that redundancy money could be withheld if a sacked hack quickly got another job. In the event, however, even Rommel stepped back from such a harsh policy, and full redundancy was paid.

Now the issue is being revived as proprietors get irritated at having to shell out vast amounts every time a new editor replaces existing hacks with their own cronies. At the *Express* another fervent new Labourite, Rosie Boycott, is laying about her, sacking old hands so that she can bring in her favourites from the *Independent*. The sacked have been told their redundancy pay will be paid in instalments, and that if they get another job, it will be stopped.

The architect of this policy is the owner of the *Express*. Step forward Lord Hollick, special adviser to New Labour on employment matters.

MODESTY UPDATE

"WHEN *Vanity Fair* did a 1992 profile of me I determined to break all limits in producing a Brown style photograph for it. I announced to my publishers, to their utter horror, 'I'm going to expose my cleavage!' ... I appeared in full vamp drag, with fake red nails and my arms around the bulging biceps of my two black bodyguards, posed like Egyptian pharaohs. After tremendous stress, the photos were taken and worked like magic. Brown loved them and used them on a splashy scale. I felt they were my tribute to her."

— Camille Paglia, *Observer*

***MIRROR* hack Andy Lines got nearly a whole page in Monday's paper in which he described his, er, triumph in dodging security guards and getting into Rupert Murdoch's Newscorp conference at Sun Valley, Idaho.**

Buried in Lines's rather dull story was the fact that Murdoch's daughter Elisabeth had stayed in a lodge at the complex with her "partner" Matthew Freud. The intrepid Lines missed a tabloid scoop here — top (married) PR man and tycoon's daughter in secret lovenest. But Freud's affair is a non-runner for most tabloids because the spivvy PR man produces so many stories for them. Even the *Mirror*'s main rival, the *Sun*, failed to run this thrilling exposé. Now why would that be...?

THE mystery of why *Spiked*, the satirical magazine at the centre of Linford Christie's recent libel action, was so pro-Mohamed Fayed and Harrods can now be solved (*Eye* 954).

Early last year Fayed secretly paid £250,000 over a four month period to *Spiked* as a "launching fee". This revelation comes courtesy of Simon Regan, the mag's former editor, in the introduction to his unpublished book *Who Killed Diana?*

Regan says Fayed met his colleague Angus James at Harrods. "You will not see me ever again," said the Harrods boss mysteriously. "In future you will work through Brian Basham (Fayed's PR consultant)."

After that *Spiked* was fed stories, leads and information as a covert arm of the Fayed campaign against the Tory government in the run-up to the general election.

MORE bad news from PA Copy Direct, the copytaking service taken up by much of the Street of Shame, putting their own long-serving copytakers out of work.

Horrendous typing errors by the Wetherby-based PA copytakers have become legion. Last week hacks at the *Independent* were scratching their heads over a piece of copy about the Drumcree standoff which asserted that "publicans" were objecting to Orangemen marching down Garvaghy road. Apparently the Orangemen were motivated by their "secretions". The *Inde* took a chance and said that *republicans* were accusing the Orangemen of *sectarian* motives. Late arrival of copy has been a regular grouse at the *Telegraph* and other papers. Recently a front page story intended for the *Mirror* was sent by Wetherby to the *People* instead.

THE *Daily Mail* was quick to castigate Andrew Morton for rushing out *Diana — Her True Story In Her Own Words* a.s.a.p. after the princess's death.

The paper has not, however, had any detectable inhibitions about exploiting Di's memory itself as often as possible. Earlier this year a 12-issue partwork by Richard Kay and Geoffrey Levy was serialised in the paper, lavishly illustrated with the very paparazzi photos Lord Rothermere had sworn he would never use.

Now the very same partwork has been issued as a book, available to readers for £14.99. It is identical to the partwork in every way, save the cover. Its title is one which must stretch the trades descriptions act to its limit: *Diana — The Untold Story*.

THIS month's *Cosmopolitan* sheds light on the state of the nation's men: "First we had New Man. Then it was New Lad. Now, says Victoria Coren, it's the New Cad we all have to watch out for."

These, according to Coren, appear squeaky clean, sensitive, and romantic, but underneath they are old-fashioned bounders. She cites Daniel Day-Lewis, Gary Oldman and Darren Day as high profile New Cads who abruptly broke off long-term relationships to shack up with someone new. "The moral is," writes Coren, "don't fall for the pretty face and the smooth patter."

Another example Coren could have mentioned is Harry Thompson, TV producer, *Guardian* columnist and New Cad extraordinaire, who left his wife and two children with such abruptness that his angry wife penned a vituperative diary about it for the *Daily Mail*. So who had fallen for the smooth patter and pretty face of this New Cad. Step forward, Victoria Coren!

FOR years Garry Bushell, the *Sun*'s yobbish TV writer, has penned pieces about the stars, all the while yearning to see his own name up in lights.

Last month Garry got his chance — "Garry Bushell hosts the BIG BIG Variety Show" at Blackpool Pleasure Beach. This feast of entertainment featured BIG BIG names such as, er, Lisa Valente, Francine Lewis and Special Guests The Tip Toe Dancers.

Since then the offers have come trickling in: Wimbledon Theatre is presenting *Cinderella* as its Christmas pantomime this year. Besides big stage names like, er, Bradley Walsh and Chris Akabussi, our Garry will be thrilling the SW18 crowds as Baron Hardup.

"Did you pack your intestines yourself?"

COLOMBIAN satirist Fabio Castillo has launched a new *Private Eye* style publication in his home country. The first issue of *WallStress* is available now, featuring jokes about such subjects as government corruption, the lack of freedom in the press and the violence endemic in the country. We wish Fabio and his staff every luck in making it to a second issue. To order, e-mail: fcmacar@impsat.net.co

QUICKER BY BALLOON

VIRGIN trains may be a disaster but at least Richard Branson's Virgin Atlantic airline provides perfect customer service, doesn't it?

Not according to Judith Calder, a woman diagnosed with a potentially fatal disease who flew on Virgin to see a specialist in America. On the return flight her transfer to New York was cancelled but her internal carrier, American Airlines, re-routed her to catch a Virgin plane in Boston. When her husband phoned Virgin's head office in Crawley they confirmed that Mrs Calder was indeed booked to return the next day.

But when his wife arrived at the airport the Virgin plane was over-booked. Virgin was offering other passengers free flights if they would agree to take a later flight.

Mrs Calder was then told that her booking was not valid. Despite her fragility she was kept waiting for hours and finally managed to catch an American Airlines flight the next day. Virgin Atlantic blamed American Airlines for not making the booking but offered an upgrade. Since her husband had had the flight confirmed from Crawley, Mrs Calder cannot believe the booking had never existed. And since she plans to fly with another airline next time, an upgrade from nothing equals, er, nothing.

Diana balls

"The latest Princess Diana Phonecard Set marks the first anniversary of this tragic event. The 14 cards show new designs and are all valid for 10 units of call time. Only 2,000 Collections issued worldwide! Free Soccer card with every mail order for all 3 sets!"

— Ad in *International Numismatics*, Singapore
(submitted by Edward Ratnam)

The Flowers in the Park
Alternate Shadows

"Innovative drama for 14 years plus. Explores the personal feelings of individuals at the death of Princess Diana.

Haunted by curse, conscience or calamity, a thought provoking experience offering moments of light relief to the grief."

Aug 17-22, South Bridge Resource Centre, Infirmary Street.

— Edinburgh fringe festival programme
(submitted by Robert Alcock)

"Is a London garden the way to commemorate Diana? The memorial should touch everybody, like she did. What about a national network of bicycle paths — The Diana grid?"

— letter in *Sunday Times*, 12 July
(submitted by Anon)

"Now Open. Princess of Hearts Balti and Tandoori. 15% discount on takeaways. 72 Manchester Road, Chorlton."

— Ad in *South Manchester Reporter*
(submitted by A Speakman)

CURSE OF GNOME

THE Curse of Gnome has struck John Walker, the businessman who designed the "revolutionary" wing sail boat chosen as an exhibit in the Millennium Dome.

Walker wrote a letter of complaint to the *Eye* about an article which linked him with an enormous tax fraud through one of his companies, Walker Research Ltd. Newspaper reports last week announced that Walker Wingsail Systems Ltd, the producer of the revolutionary millennium yacht has, er, gone into liquidation.

Mr Lobby – Special

NEW Labour can distance itself from the lobbyists involved in the cash for access scandal, but it's too late to deny any relationship with some of the big firms these lobbying firms represent.

Some of these companies have become pivotal to the government's current round of privatisations, regulation and legislation.

Shandwick Public Relations, whose managing director is former Mandelson deputy Colin Byrne (he was also a press aide to Blair, Brown and Straw) looks after Welsh utilities giant Hyder. Since the election Hyder chief executive Graham Hawker has been appointed to head Labour's New Deal taskforce and given a seat on the court of the Bank of England, despite his history of mass sackings and his fat cat-size salary. Hawker is currently trying to persuade the government to allow it to appeal against decisions of the water regulator.

As the *Eye* revealed in March (issue 949), international service company SEMA is a client of another New Labour-friendly lobbying company, Westminster Strategy. Westminster Strategy has taken on Mike Lee, who formerly worked for David Blunkett, as director. Also on the company staff are Jo Moore, former Labour press officer, and Howard Dauber, former chair of the Young Fabians. SEMA subsequently won the enormous and controversial BAMS contract to run medical tests for disability benefits. The £305m job dwarfed all SEMA's previous privatisation work in the UK. Employment minister Andrew Smith was speaking at SEMA-sponsored conferences at the same time as Harriet Harman was giving them this work.

DEPUTY prime minister John Prescott stepped into the lobbying row last week saying that it was "unbelievable" that the Audit Commission was hiring political consultant Lawson Lucas Mendelsohn to do work for it. "Is that the most efficient use of public money?" he asked a conference.

His shock at this discovery is curious. Back in June, Keith Vaz MP put down a parliamentary question to Prescott asking "the terms upon which media and public affairs conultants have been appointed by the Audit Commission". It was answered by the minister for London, Nick Raynsford (from Prescott's department), who revealed that two firms, Citigate and Lawson Lucas Mendelsohn, had been appointed and that £174,145 had been spent on their services last year.

ANOTHER lobbying company enjoying publicity as part of the cash for access row is GJW Government Relations. GJW counts Premier Oil amongst its major clients. The oil company does much of its drilling in Myanmar (Burma) which is ruled by the amusingly-named State Peace and Development Council (formerly the State Law and Order Restoration Council — SLORC). The military regime's routine use of torture led President Clinton to impose sanctions. When Texaco subsequently pulled out of drilling in Myanmar, Premier Oil stepped in to snap up their contracts. The company has other interests in Indonesia and Albania.

David John, chair of Premier Oil, also sits on the board of British Biotech (*Eyes* passim) which attempted to silence whistle-blowing scientist Andrew Millar. Premier Oil seems to have the same aggressive attitude towards criticism as British Biotech. Protesters at the last Premier Oil AGM in London found themselves being photographed by SLORC representatives. This hardly fits in with Robin Cook's "ethical" foreign policy but Premier Oil can still expect a good relationship with the government, courtesy of GJW. The lobbying company used to have links with another unconventional oil company, Heritage Oil and Gas. GJW's chief executive Andrew Gifford sat on the oil company's board until 1996. He was kept company by one Tony Buckingham, who happens to be the man in charge of Sandline International, the mercenary company involved in the Arms for Africa affair.

WHEN the *Eye* contacted top Blairite lobbyist Jon Mendelsohn, of Lawson Lucan Mendelsohn, about the payment he once made to a former friend and colleague, Derek "Gerry" Lewis, the reply came back from a top firm of London solicitors, Olswang.

What happened, apparently, was this. Some years ago, when Mendelsohn was director of the Holocaust Educational Trust, he did what he thought was a favour for Lewis, "a close personal friend" who was running a small information service. While Lewis was on holiday, Mendelsohn let himself into his friend's flat to "clear a large amount of rubbish". When Lewis got back from holiday he was very angry about what he regarded as a break-in, and threatened to sue Mendelsohn. A bitter dispute loomed, which even the earnest intervention of Greville Janner MP, then chairman of the Holocaust Educational Trust, could not settle. Mendelsohn's solicitors account continues: "Since it was clear that Jerry would be legally aided if he commenced proceedings and that our client could not hope to recover the costs of defending them, our client made a payment to him to settle the dispute." How much? The lobbyist is not saying but the *Eye* hears the sum was not a million pounds less than £10,000.

A GOOD example of the day-to-day work of lobbyists was a recent letter to a selection of MPs and peers from Rodolphe Adada, foreign minister of the Republic of Congo, Brazzaville. The Minister said he was "hosting a small luncheon" on 30 June to launch a paper "which aims to draw a line under the difficult recent history of Congo Brazzaville."

The excellent lunch, at the Exeter suite at the Strand Palace Hotel, was organised by Andy Corrigan of Shandwick, the PR combine once heavily influenced by Tories, but recently joined by Colin Byrne, former chief press officer of the Labour Party.

Andy Corrigan told the *Eye* that two MPs and a peer accepted the invitation, but said he'd rather not give their names since the lunch was "private". Asked why the MPs had to be given lunch, Corrigan explained that lunchtime was a "convenient meeting time".

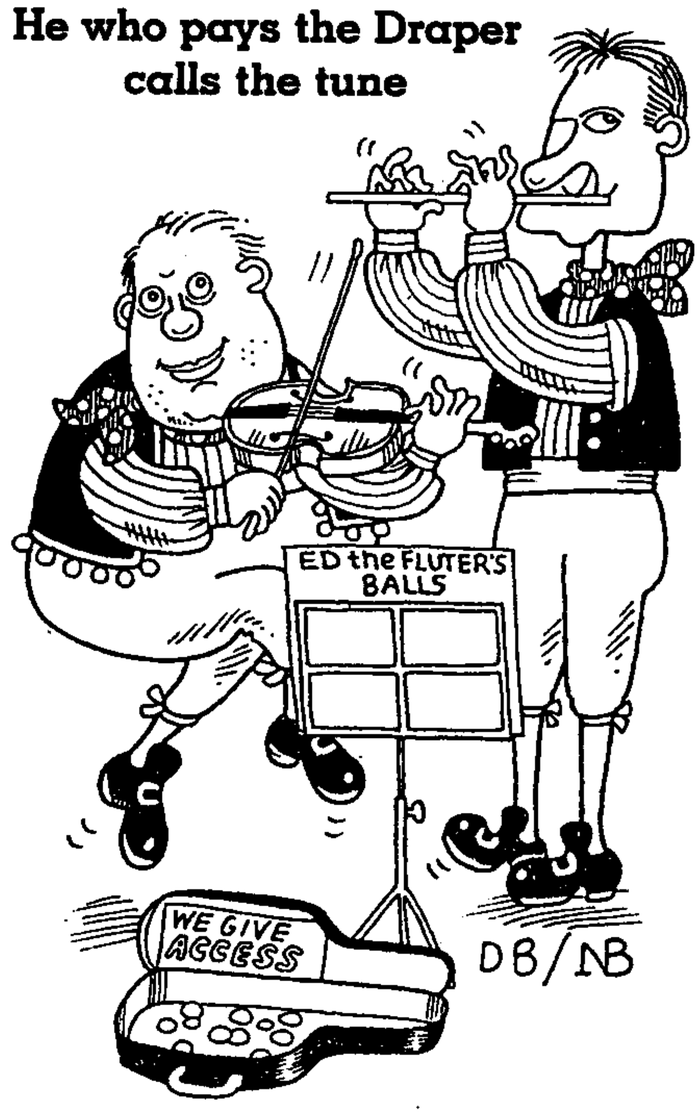
One topic unlikely to have been discussed at length at the lunch was the annual report of Amnesty International which describes in grim detail the actions of the government and their murderous mercenary troops since the coup in October. Scores of supporters of the former regime, many of them named by Amnesty, were "extrajudicially executed". "In Point-Noire women were raped and people suspected of being supporters of the former regime were tortured and killed". A secondary school pupil was shot dead in front of his house. Scores of people were also arrested and detained without trial on suspicion of opposition to the government.

DEREK DRAPER, the GPC Market Access lobbyist at the centre of the lobbying row, is fondly recalled by his fellow student union activists at UMIST.

On one occasion in the late 80s Dolly took a train to a student union conference and had taken his mobile phone with him. These were much rarer then than they are today and Draper ostentatiously plonked his, the size of a shoe box, on the table in front of him for maximum show. Alas no one called for the entire journey. On the way back Draper again put his phone on the table. Again no one called. As the train pulled into Manchester Dolly's travelling companion asked: "You're not ex-directory by any chance, are you Derek?"

NEW OLD SAYINGS

He who pays the Draper calls the tune



Every Liddle helps

ONE notable feature of the cash for access affair has been the thunderous silence of the Liberal Democrats, whose leader Paddy Ashdown is usually only too happy to parade his purity and castigate sleaze wherever it may appear.

Could this be because a number of senior Lib-Dems are involved with the lobbying firm Prima Europe — which used to number Downing Street advisor Roger Liddle among its directors and employed Dolly Draper?

Liddle set up Prima in the early 1990s when he was still a Lib Dem with Richard Holme and Dick Taverne. Lord Holme was Ashdown's general election campaign director and one of his closest confidantes. He left Prima to take up a directorship with the controversial mining conglomerate RTZ. Lord Taverne was a founder, along with Liddle, of the SDP.

Prima Europe employed Camden Lib-Dem councillor John Dickie, at one time an advisor to Ashdown before going back to the Labour fold. Dickie is now the managing director of GPC Market Access which took over Prima Europe. GPC's chairman is Sir Ian Wrigglesworth, a former SDP MP who was the Lib Dem's first president in 1990. Many Lib-Dems are worried by these lobbyists' links with their party, pointing out that all of them are personally and politically close to Ashdown and all support his policy of cosying up with Blair.

GRAND SUMMER QUIZ

Spot the purist

ON 14 July 14 a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* attacked Derek "Dolly" Draper, and called for "an independent judicial inquiry to establish the true extent of untruthfulness, improper behaviour and influence-peddling on the part of lobbyists and the government".

Using your skill and judgement, try to pick out the letter's author from the following?

a) Sir Gordon Downey

b) Lord Nolan

c) Lord Neil

d) The Archbishop of Canterbury

e) Martin Bell MP

f) Neil Hamilton, the former MP who took money from lobbyist Ian Greer.

Quiz answer: f)

'Backbiter'

ORDER OF THE BACKBENCH BROWN NOSE

PHIL WOOLAS (Oldham East and Saddleworth) followed the New Labour rule that praise be due to Tony not only for what Tony does, but for the acts of Gordon too, and slid in the following obsequious homily. "Will my Right Honourable Friend confirm that the £19bn extra for education and the £21bn extra for health are much more than the previous government were prepared to spend and significantly more than the elastic penny on income tax from the Liberal Democrats?"

Evidently Mr Woolas had not been listening to the comprehensive spending review debate the previous afternoon, when the chancellor had spent much time hammering home this very point. Tony, however, was only to pleased to check his maths for him, and smile upon his efforts: "My honourable friend is right."

IN THE TEAROOM

A MOST unusual noise could be heard in the rooms and corridors of Westminster and Whitehall last week. It began as a faint rumbling of doubt, but soon rose to a crescendo of argument. Believe it or not, "new" Labour cabinet ministers are beginning to question the party line.

Since the run-up to the last election differences have been submerged, thought suspended, lips tightly sealed — all in the interests of "presentation". But now the key white papers are on the table, the awful question must be faced: *What if these glitzy policies, designed originally to look good in the manifesto, don't actually work?*

The panic began at education, where it was coolly pointed out to David Blunkett that research shows that spending all the chancellor's new money on the "priority areas" — class sizes and nursery schools — is completely daft if your aim is to raise standards quickly.

Hours later, over at John Prescott's "super-ministry" of environment, transport and regions, problems arose just as the final draft of his master-plan to outlaw traffic jams went to press. Here the problem was: *What if it does work?* Dutifully in line with election pledges, Prescott's policy, as designed by the pointyheads at Demos, is supposed both to persuade people not to drive to work and at the same time to raise billions to spend on public transport. Only at the last minute did it sink in that you cannot do both at the same time. If the savage deterrent of having to pay hundreds of quid for an office parking bay proves effective, then millions of commuters will crowd onto public transport, bringing the whole creaking system to a halt. And there won't be any money to improve the service because, er, that's supposed to come from the parking tax.

So what prompted these belated, awkward objections? Gordon Brown. The chancellor's spending review sets up a system under which his enforcers range freely through Whitehall checking on what ministers are up to and cutting off their overdrafts if their policies aren't working. Worse still, ministers will be given points out of 10 against prescribed "performance targets" and will have to wear a dunce's hat in cabinet if they screw up.

'Urquhart'

STRAW POLL

"It is wholly wrong for core policing activities to be privatised ... the public are completely opposed to the privatisation of such services."

Jack Straw, Shadow Home Affairs Spokesman, 1995

"[Private Security Services patrolling public places] is a very real possibility. If you talk to the public they understand that you cannot have a police officer walking up and down their street all day and every day."

Jack Straw, Home Secretary, 1998

SCHOOL REPORT

HOME SECRETARY Jack Straw was in great form at the meeting of the governors of Pimlico school on 11 July which voted by 10 votes to 8 to proceed with the vandalism of the school in the interests of property developers.

Under the PFI scheme proposed by Westminster council, the school, in one of London's potentially most profitable property sites, will be demolished while the children are being educated there, and replaced with something much smaller. Luxury flats will occupy the rest of the site, at a monumental profit to the lucky speculators of the St Georges' Square Partnership consortium.

After the vote, solemn vows were demanded of all the governors that no one should say a word about what happened. Chairman Straw promptly marched out of the building and immediately revealed details of the vote to a group of staff and parents. He has been furiously denounced in a letter from three governors, who wrote: "You clearly believe yourself to be exempt from the restrictions which you wish the rest of us to abide by."

The narrow majority on the board was made possible by a recent conversion. Barrister Nicholas Paul from the celebrated left-wing chambers at 40 Doughty Street used to be a strong opponent of the PFI scheme. He was summoned recently to the Home Office where the errors of his position were carefully explained to him.

PS. In their election addresses to become parent governors Jack Straw and Nicholas Paul promised that they would not do anything to the school without the support of parents. The following votes have been taken among parents on the PFI proposal. 13 May 1997 meeting: 0 for, 83 against; 20 May 1998 meeting: 1 for, 87 against. Postal ballot organised by the parent-teachers' association, 3-10 July 1998: 6 for, 155 against. The teachers at Pimlico are also against the scheme and have recently passed a vote of no confidence in the governors.

PPS. Several parents and teachers are considering asking the Neil committee on standards in public life if Jack Straw's chairmanship of the Pimlico governors conflicts rather glaringly with Jack Straw's high office in a government totally committed to PFI.

NOOKS and CORNERS

A LARGE and hideous block of flats is planned for the bank of the Thames in the heart of London right next to Lambeth Palace. Although the scheme breaks many rules and has provoked widespread opposition (and is not designed by Richard Rogers), it is likely to go ahead — thanks to the Lambeth's planning officers.

The site is that of Lambeth Bridge House, a 1930s block of no particular distinction last used by the Department of the Environment. In 1995 British Land applied to build 135 luxury flats instead, and was granted outline planning permission the following year. In 1997 the site passed to Raffles Land Ltd, of Singapore, who submitted a fresh planning application. This was for a similar scheme except that the block with its wavy glass wall was now for 190 flats and was rather bigger — 30ft higher than the existing buildings, and quite dwarfing poor old medieval Lambeth Palace.

The scheme fails to conform with the old department of the environment's strategic planning document for the Thames and its guidelines on the inclusion of "affordable housing" (none included); it also ignores the government's circular on conservation areas and Lambeth's own rules on urban development policy. Yet earlier this year, when the developers kindly informed the Church Commissioners at Lambeth Palace, as well as the local tenants association, that the new planning application was merely *in pursuant* to the old one, rather than being *de novo*, and so not worth objecting to, Lambeth's planning officers failed to point out this error. The Royal Fine Art Commission — which was also not properly informed about the application, has described the site as being of "international importance", yet the government office for London, in the shape of Dick Caborn, junior minister, has declined to call the case in — despite the concerns of the local MP, Kate Hoey, about both the design and the dubious procedure.

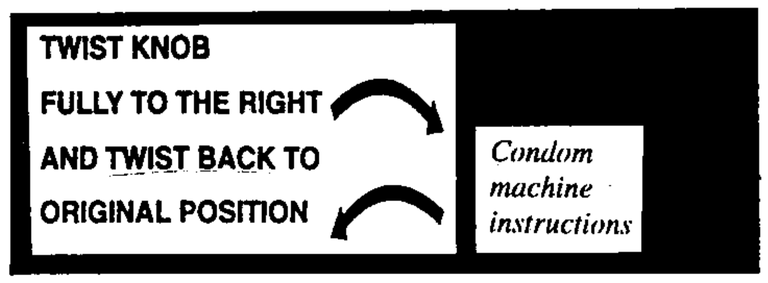
Why is a scheme which breaks all the rules, is monstrously large, which will scarcely enhance Lambeth Palace and the Thames, allowed to proceed? Is it because New Labour politicians just like anything new?

SO, a design for the new Scottish parliament has been selected — by a little cabal of architects and civil servants who were guaranteed to select something fashionable and silly. It is to be designed by Enric Miralles, the new bearded superstar from Barcelona, who had teamed up with RMJM of Edinburgh — very wisely, seeing as these well-connected architects had been commissioned to carry out two of the three feasibility studies for the rotten sites in Edinburgh selected by the secretary of state for Scotland, Donald Dewar, in his determination to ignore the one wanted by most people in Scotland — Calton Hill.

Mr Dewar has pretensions to be a patron of the new, of course, and choosing a design for the new parliament which looks like a collection of upturned boats has naturally made him the hero among architects. Mr Miralles has helpfully observed that "the parliament sits in the land because it belongs to the Scottish land ... we have the feeling that it should be land, not a building in a park nor a garden". Perhaps the resulting building will be interesting; perhaps not. That is not really the point. The point is that the Scottish Parliament has had no say in the choice of site or architecture for the building in which it will sit, for it has not yet been elected.

"We have a building that will live. We have a building that will have staying power", claims Mr Dewar. But have we? It is always possible that a future Scottish Parliament may decide that it dislikes the whizzy undemocratic monument imposed on Edinburgh by the Secretary of State, and will choose to use Calton Hill instead. Perhaps that is what Mr Dewar and New Labour are afraid of.

'Piloti'



HYPE WATCH

THERE has been plenty of hand-wringing and brow-furrowing in the posh papers and on the BBC since the Dollygate story broke about smooth-talking mobile phonies moving in on Westminster. "The skills of marketing and advertising are moving into politics," observed one of Draper's apologists on the radio.

The commentators should not be so surprised that private sector values are "taking over" public life — for the conquest actually occurred long ago. "Public" bodies such as universities, local councils, health authorities and the BBC already behave as if they are trying to project their images like Coca-Cola or Pepsi.

STAGE ONE is to create a "brand personality". For this you need a corporate slogan. There are hundreds to choose from:

South Bank University: "The University of Choice."

University of Bradford: "Making Knowledge Work."

University of Central Lancashire: "Promoting Excellence and Opportunity In Education and Research."

King's College, London: "Promoting Excellence in Teaching, Learning & Research."

University of Greenwich: "Providing Higher Education in London and in Kent for over 100 Years."

Warrington Collegiate Institute: "Providing Quality Learning Opportunities to Meet the Challenges of the 21st Century."

Camden & Islington Community Health Services NHS Trust: "Your Partner for Health."

Barnet Healthcare NHS Trust: "Creating a Culture of Achievement."

Kirklees Metropolitan Council: "Together We Serve."

Coventry City Council: "Working Towards Equality."

Hammersmith & Fulham: "Working Towards a Smoke Free Environment."

Leicester City Council: "In Continuous Pursuit of Quality and Equality."

Blackpool Borough Council: "Where People Come First."

Waltham Forest Council: "Raising Standards — Getting a Better Result!"

English Martyrs RC Junior School, Wakefield: "Walking With Jesus."

Royal Docks Community School, Newham: "A School for the Millennium."

Corporation of London: "Serving the Square Mile."

Staffordshire Police: "Together Beyond 2000."

North Hertfordshire College: "Your Success is Our Business."

Chalfonts Community College, Bucks: "Success is an Attitude."

Amersham and Wycombe College: "To Produce and Deliver Learning Programmes and Related Services Which Meet Customer, Market and Business Requirements."

STAGE TWO is to jazz up the advertising pitch. The fashionable gimmicks in adland these days are the Emotional Selling Proposition and the Millennial Mood. Public authorities have been quick to cotton on:

" 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...' We'll give you the full story here. This is one of the most rewarding jobs in local government — and one of the most nerve-wracking too. It's got the most incredible highs — and the times when the toughest manager will wonder if they can hack the pace after all. There's little middle ground ... You'll be right at the forefront of leading edge service — pushing forward changes that will be seminal in this fast-changing context."

— Ad for assistant director of area services at Birmingham city council.

"Strategyqualitystandardpartnerships. We call it joined-up thinking. We've got a special way of thinking, here in Hounslow Social Services, it involves looking beyond the obvious, being able to separate the causes from the effects and finding innovative solutions..."

— Ad for assistant director (children and families services), Hounslow council.

"Revolution. We've changed and changed fast. We've established a reputation that rests on our successes and ground-breaking models ... Where once we followed, now we lead. Help us to stay ahead in the millennium."

— Ad for chief social services officer, Islington council.

"Innovation. At Kent County Council it's something we take very seriously, with a successful record of progressive policies that have placed us firmly at the leading edge of the public sector. We're looking for someone who shares our commitment, and who is ambitious enough to succeed in the role."

— Ad for policy officer in the education and libraries department, Kent county council.

"An attractive opportunity to lead the College into the new millennium."

— Ad for new principal, Henley College.

"The post requires a dynamic person, experienced in primary education management and leadership, who will lead a loyal and dedicated staff into the 21st century."

— Ad for headteacher at Tudor primary school, Southall.

"At last, a local authority that's as ambitious as you are."

— Ad for principal policy officer, Medway council.

"We're looking for an exceptional individual with the vision to drive us forward into the new century."

— Ad for chief executive of South Warwickshire combined care NHS trust.

"We are looking for a Chief Officer to lead this organisation into the new millennium..."

— Ad for Age Concern, Birmingham.

STAGE THREE is the easiest of all: book a large table at the next Campaign awards dinner — and meet your own "service needs" by ordering trebles all round!

Plugged In

Of Sky, he says, "I'd love to go there, it's the best channel on TV."

JONATHAN ROSS (currently presenting the Sky-sponsored Virgin breakfast show)
Media Guardian

An occasional column devoted to cross-media plugs masquerading as news

WORLD OF HYPE

AT LEAST Tim "Flasher" Bell, the recently ennobled £750-an-hour PR man and former favourite of Maggie Thatcher, has a sense of humour.

In a private report penned by Lord Flasher concerning his recent efforts on behalf of the Rugby Football Union, he amusingly describes PR work as "intense, time-consuming, brain stretching and difficult". Ho, ho, ho!

Bell was hired to "enhance the RFU's reputation in the new era of professional rugby". One of his jobs was to promote the "benefits" of BSkyB televising rugby union. As his company Lowe Bell was already receiving a fat retainer from BSkyB his Lordship was happy to oblige. He boasted to chums that he was "minder" to former BSkyB chief executive Sam Chisholm on behalf of Rupert Murdoch.

Much of Bell's time was spent meddling in RFU elections by opposing Cliff Brittle, currently standing as chairman for the RFU's board of management, because he opposed the RFU's lucrative deal with BSkyB. The manifesto of the anti-Brittle candidate is being distributed from Lowe Bell's head office in Mayfair.

Lowe Bell's consultancy cost the RFU £350,000 over two years and was terminated last year. This consisted of a retainer of £20,000 a month, plus outgoings and expenses. Over a seven-month period Bell claimed to have worked 342 hours on the RFU account for a fee of £256,500, based on £750 an hour.

What did Bell do for these huge fees? Nothing as mundane as actually deal with the media — another PR agency retained by the RFU does all that. So what *did* the RFU get for £750 an hour?

There is a useful insight into the kind of methods considered acceptable in Lord Flasher's world in his latest challenging assignment — to improve the image of the multi-national tobacco companies represented by the Tobacco Manufacturing Association.

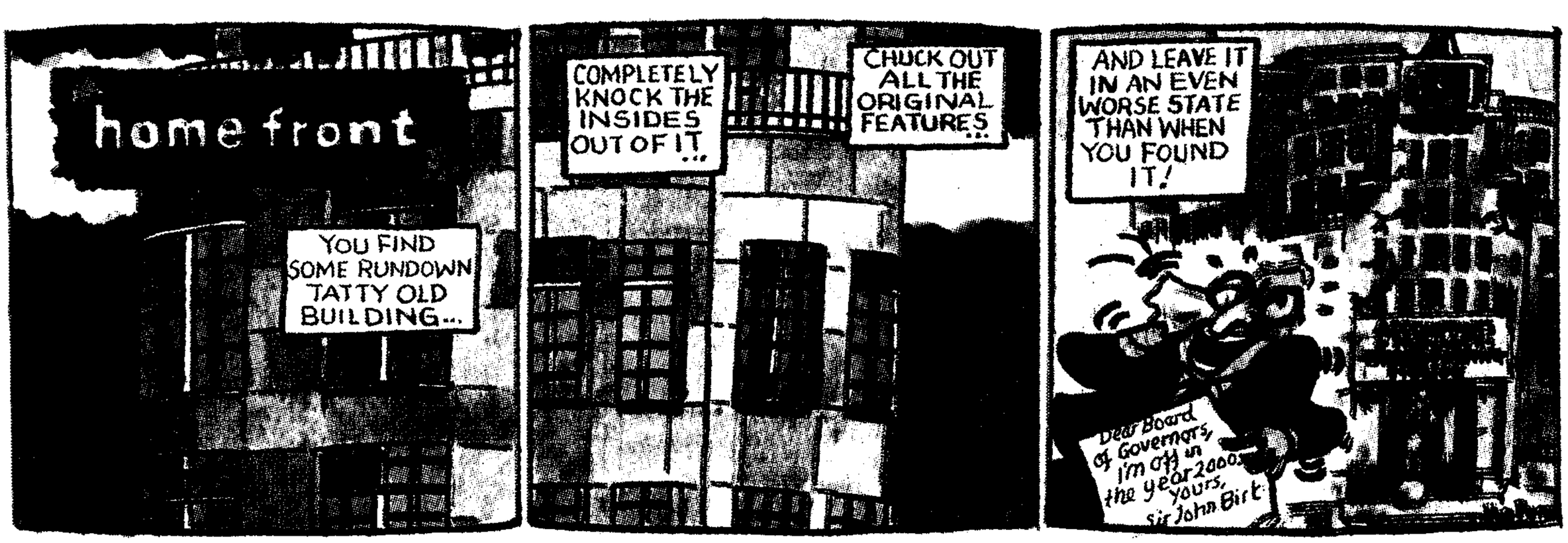
Tim Carr, an executive at Bell's lobbying firm Bell-Pottinger Public Affairs, writes to a colleague: "David Swan of the TMA has asked if we would like to 'do our bit' and participate in a Teletext telephone survey.

" 'Ban smoking in public places? Tobacco firms are challenging a report which urges a ban on smoking in public places like restaurants. Would YOU back such a law?'

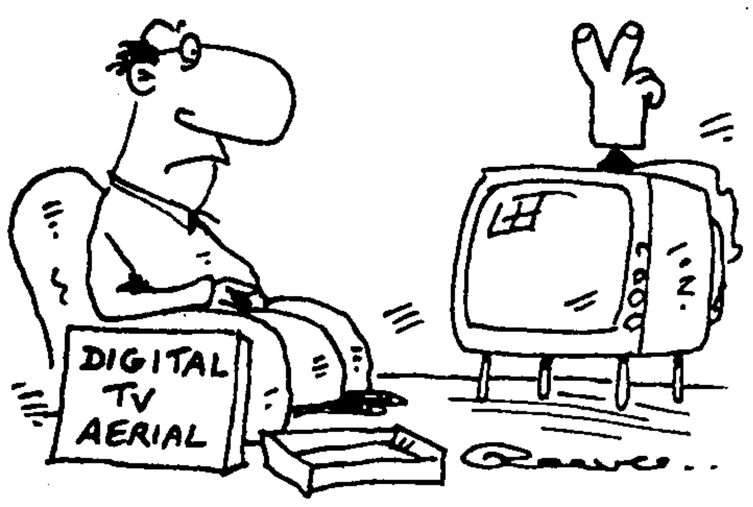
"He has asked us to call the NO number which is 0891-787733 (calls cost 12p).

"No joke I'm afraid!"

Such are the lengths to which Lord Flasher's clients readily assume his minions will go.


home front
YOU FIND SOME RUNDOWN TATTY OLD BUILDING...
COMPLETELY KNOCK THE INSIDES OUT OF IT...
CHUCK OUT ALL THE ORIGINAL FEATURES...
AND LEAVE IT IN AN EVEN WORSE STATE THAN WHEN YOU FOUND IT!
Dear Board of Governors, I'm off in the year 2000. yours, sir John Birt

BBC Round-Up



THE sight of BBC director-general John Birt with a metaphorical begging bowl has proved unappealing, and New Labour is unlikely to respond positively to his public request for a hike in the licence fee. Birt, of course, says the *money is needed to fund the war chest for his latest mad dream: Auntie is to become a global media player in the new digital age (NDA).*

Whilst many both inside and outside the Corporation view Birt's plans as madly over ambitious, the Beeb's digital TV services are already up and running, and because digital technology is a way that Murdoch can get even more money out of his satellite subscribers, it will eventually find its way into a small — but still measurable — proportion of homes.

Digital radio, on the other hand, is something no one except the BBC seems to be interested in. There was only one bid for the national commercial radio digital licence last week, a sure sign that the independent sector doesn't see much of a market for the £500 sets that can receive the much touted "CD Quality" sound of digital radio.

Yet the BBC are desperately trying to promote the new format, and a big chunk of the famous digital war chest is earmarked for radio. Recent propaganda included among the special features of the new sets: the ability to receive text and, er, pictures.

Why is Auntie so desperate to pour money down this particular hole? The answer lies in the new digital broadcasts, which use just a tiny fraction of the frequency bandwidths currently occupied by analogue TV and radio signals. These bandwidths are worth billions of pounds to mobile phone companies. The wildest NDA dream is "analogue switch off", where the Beeb can cease non-digital broadcasting altogether, allowing the government to flog off the spare frequencies and use the huge sums generated to launch Auntie's bid for global digital dominance.

BIRTSPEAK

"BBC Resources chief executive Rod Lynch is putting customer service at the top of the agenda. Cyril Gates, Head of Customer Service, explains why:

"In the world of profitable business, customer service is the new rock n' [*sic*] roll. Sales bring in money today, marketing brings in the dosh tomorrow, but it's customer service that can secure your income for life.

"There is no difference between much of what we do in BBC Resources and many retail industries. Customers keep us employed and we have to embed them into how we think and how we run our business ... The customers' experience is the ball; the sales targets, monthly accounting reports are the scoreboard. Our game plan has to be to keep our eyes on the ball and direct it to where it will count for us and against a competitor. Obviously, we will win by using the ball and not the scoreboard.

"Before we can start giving service out, we have to 'design' it into the organisation ... We are running Awareness Workshops, Imagineering, and Let's Rock It events designed to get everyone talking 'service'. These raise the pulse profile and temperature, building an undercurrent to demonstrate that we are thinking 'customer'."

— *Around Resources* magazine.

THE BBC's new credo is "customer care", as revealed elsewhere on this page in "Birtspeak".

But there are limits to the extent of service. Now that nigh on 1,200 programme-makers are installed in the new White City premises, there's a rush of "customers" forced to go elsewhere just to get their programmes finished — there aren't enough studios in-house to get the work done.

Capital spending has been cut back as part of a BBC efficiency drive that saw its targets exceeded by 20 pert cent. Result? A delighted BBC efficiency unit and a shortage of facilities. Meanwhile, producers who have to book facilities out-of-house have to pay for them out of their own programme budgets, budgets that often have no room for ad hoc extra costs like this.

And yet there's plenty of money around, according to the latest BBC Annual Report, with Resources making a trading profit of £8m and still sitting on £233m raised by the sale of BBC transmitters. The trouble is that almost all available money is being poured into Birt's digital experiment, one that is far more expensive than some number-crunchers at "Accounting & Strategy Planning House" (as Broadcasting House, devoid of broadcasters is now called) expected.

Hence the efforts this week by BBC spin-doctors to prepare audiences for a hike in the licence-fee. Thanks to digital expenses, "future spending will exceed licence fee income" and the provision of more digital kit "will test the licence fee to the limit". Meanwhile BBC producers will continue to pay for commercial post-production.

Number crunchings

2 *billion pounds*
Annual revenue from BBC licence fee

2 *hundred million pounds*
Amount set aside each year for investment in digital broadcasting

2 *million pounds*
Amount of money paid in salaries to Sir John Birt and the BBC executive committee in 1998

2 Number of BBC television channels available to the licence payer for the foreseeable future

TONY "Head Prefect" Hall, the owlish head of BBC news recently reminded his unhappy subordinates that they were employees of a "publicly-funded body" and exhorted them to "set and live up to the highest ethical standards".

Hmmm. Hall, who gets £223,000 a year for disembowelling the BBC's news services and firing skilled journalists and technicians, has handed over his large, publicly-funded BBC car to his wife, who uses it to drive to and from her work as a teacher.

Hall commutes to the BBC television centre in West London from his Henley home in a second, chauffeur-driven, BBC car.

When the *Eye* asked about this cosy arrangement, a BBC spokeswoman said: "He gets the standard benefits package for BBC managers at board of management level, which includes a car for his personal use and that of his spouse. As a member of the executive committee he also has the use of a driver, who is trained bodyguard. There is nothing special about Tony Hall."

So that's all right, then. Trebled licence fees all round!

VIEWERS of BBC2's latest docu-soap *Cumbrian Tales* were treated to a plethora of shots of a public house in Ireby called Paddy's Bar. This featured pictures of the pub from inside and out complete with beaming bar staff and foaming pints of local brew.

It wasn't your average yokels' pub — there were sing-songs and even a dance by game local lassies in fishnet tights and short skirts. In fact, *Cumbrian Tales* could hardly be a better advert for Paddy's Bar. Paddy himself must be as pleased as Punch — but then he would be, Paddy being Patrick McCreanor, who as well as owning this high-profile establishment also directed and produced *Cumbrian Tales*!

THE First Night of the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall did not go as smoothly as hoped for the BBC host for the evening, the smooth-voiced James Naughtie.

As is usual on these occasions, Naughtie was obliged to do a piece to camera during the intervals explaining the story to the viewers who were watching the concert, *The Damnation of Faust* by Berlioz.

Usually the director puts Naughtie in a box high above the auditorium, but this time some bright spark decided to put him in a loggia box between the stalls and the circle.

So the tranquillity of the pause between the first two parts was broken by a Scots voice coming from the back of the auditorium.

Angry Promenaders looking round could only see the back of a dark suited man perched on the edge of the box and responded by telling him to "Sssshhh" and "Be *quiet*", not realising that the conductor, orchestra, choir and soloists were patiently waiting for him to finish before proceeding. When he ignored their protests, they gave him a slow hand clap.

And in the second half of the performance, between Parts 3 and 4, they coughed all the way through his piece, much to his embarrassment — especially as the broadcast was live.

Window complains of council delay following break-in

Milford Mercury

Prince Charles is all ears

Luton Herald & Post

ARABIAN NIGHTS

ANNE DIAMOND's husband, Mike Hollingsworth, is in the courtroom seeking recompense from Mohamed Fayed for non-payment of £127,000 consultancy fees for work he did at Liberty Broadcasting.

But there are other smaller figures with equally pressing claims on the Egyptian shopkeepers' purse. Cordelia Banks runs an African food outlet called Delia's Kitchen Afrika. She started to supply Harrods food hall with her ready meals 10 years ago. After a few months the Harrods buyer told Mrs Banks that she could have a counter in the food hall and that if it was a success the arrangement would become permanent. She advised the caterer that she should get a bank loan to cover the costs of the refrigeration and packaging materials and that Harrods would encourage the sales with public tastings and promotions.

Excited at this new prospect Mrs Banks took out a £10,000 loan and began to prepare. The first day of her promotion came and she was shocked to discover that a BBC crew attending the event had been turned away, tasting tables had been cleared and promotional leaflets confiscated.

Mrs Banks continued to supply the ready meals and even ordered new improved packaging on the advice of Harrods. In October 1989 that buyer wrote to Mrs Banks telling her that she should cease production of the meals forthwith.

The caterer was left £18,000 out of pocket by Fayed's shop's actions and has pursued her claim, even though she cannot get legal aid and is representing herself, all the way to the High Court. She has now been told that unless she can deposit £2,000 as security her case will be dismissed.

Down on the Farm

SO WHO is going to win the battle over biotechnology in Europe? Will the countryside really be awash with genetically modified organisms (GMOs) within a few years?

At the moment it looks like the unstoppable object hitting the immovable one. The 11 biotech multinationals have invested many billions in the technology. US giant Monsanto-Cyanamid, the world's biggest agro-chemical manufacturer, is in the forefront. It is backed by the US government, ready to bully anyone resisting American techno-imperialism. Monsanto's acquisitions of other plant breeders and its tie-up with Cargills, which already has 70 per cent of global trade in food, has created a bloc of awesome power.

Public opinion in Europe, however, is deeply against the use of biotechnology in food production. Austria and Luxembourg have already banned GMOs completely, and other countries are clearly unhappy. Most farmers don't want to grow GMOs, and most consumers don't want to buy them. The UK press has torched the whole idea. Even the farming journals are largely wary, with the mainstream *Farming News* notably negative. Iceland supermarkets and British Sugar have sworn off GMOs, and even the government's countryside bodies are demanding a moratorium. In fact only three people actually want them: the Minister of Ag. himself, the editor of *Farmers Weakly* and "Biotech Ben" Gill, the leader of a fringe group of activists, with close links to the biotech industry, who call themselves "the NFU".

This resistance is based on the two slight problems of genetic engineering, that it is: a) dangerous, and b) pointless. GMOs are the ultimate "fridges to Eskimos". Supermarket shelves groan under the range of high quality goodies produced by traditional means, and if lower pesticide use is the aim, organic farming's 100 per cent reduction is going to be hard to beat. In a Europe shaken by food scares no one can see any reason to call in Dr Frankenstein.

So although the EU's cumbersome process may soon licence the first transgenic crops, it is likely that few people will grow or buy them. Hence the PR battle — but with no plausible case, some advocates of biotech have fallen back on the "EMU" argument, viz.

1) It's going to happen whether we want it or not.
2) If we don't join in, we'll lose out to those who do.

When you hear that you just *know* you're being sold a dummy.

'Gumboot'

"Watch out, genetically modified crops"

SIGNAL FAILURES

Focus on competition

JUST as a government white paper stresses the need for integrated transport, rail regulator John Swift is forging ahead with its antithesis — the unsustainable Thatcherite ideal of competition between train operators.

Although a consultation ends on 5 August, Swift has already decided operators may compete against each other from September next year. He soothes obvious concerns by promising regulation to avoid "the potentially destructive elements of competition", but the long-term benefits for rail passengers are hard to fathom. Competition is the opposite of co-ordination and strategic development — vital elements destroyed in British Rail's fragmentation.

Passenger rail services already face severe competition — from cars, planes, coaches and buses. Competing against these modes and against other train operators require very different priorities. Travellers will be attracted to trains not by brand loyalty but by a co-ordinated, easily understood network. Yet already some operators are effectively replacing cheap multi-operator tickets with cheap fares valid only on their own services. This is done maliciously, to deny other firms a share of the revenue, but makes the rail network less convenient and more confusing to the passenger. On-rail competition will focus resources and cheap fares on profitable areas at the expense of peripheral ones.

The bus industry's Titanic decline after deregulation in 1986 does not deter the rail industry from steaming full ahead at the same iceberg. Only now is stability being restored to bus services after a decade of childish tit-for-tat which left the public so unimpressed that passenger mileage declined while demand for transport grew. The threat of competition prevented many bus operators from investing in anything better than minibuses. This is *mirrored* by orders for cheap diesel trains, lowest common denominators that could be re-leased to any operator, instead of InterCity-type trains for Great Western, Anglia and Midland MainLine services.

The effect of competition on strategic development is also illustrated by the deal for upgrading the west coast line — which would not have gone ahead had Swift not guaranteed to protect Virgin from competition. Private finance for rail development may be even harder to raise now that he is opening the possibility of long-term investments being undermined by cowboy operators.

New services are needed, of course, but passengers will find them more useful if they complement the existing network — connecting with other services and offering cheap fares valid on all trains — than if they run in isolation with premiums on multi-operator tickets. A rail network with more frequent services, through trains to a bigger variety of destinations and guaranteed connections would attract people who now use cars — in line with government policy — but Swift is suggesting operators would focus on poaching passengers from the trains of their rivals.

Another lesson he could learn from buses is that competition helps big operators crush smaller ones. Most British bus services are now run by a few giant operators who respect each other's territories. Trains are gravitating in the same direction, with the same bus firms coming out on top. The upshot of open-access competition now could be loss of competition for future franchises, the four or five big operators not bidding against each other for fear of reprisals. Gentlemen's agreements of this kind may kill open-access competition in due course, but only after a bruising battle for control.

Swift's plans to open the Pandora's box of open-access competition which will benefit nobody in the long run other than competition lawyers. By happy coincidence John Swift QC is, er, a competition lawyer.

MEANWHILE, times are hard for Railtrack. First there was the Southall crash. Then there was the health and safety executive's decision to prosecute the company over the poor quality of track after a number of derailments. To cap it all, the HSE is now taking Railtrack to court for endangering life by hacking into a 33,000 volt cable.

So how does the company respond? By giving board member Derek Roberts, who chairs the safety committee, a 20 per cent pay rise.

The government also joined in the congratulations and awarded an MBE to one of Roberts's underlings. Paul Jonathan Abbott, a Railtrack Standards manager, was given his medal for "services to security and emergency planning standards in the railway industry" in the Queen's birthdays honours list.

'Dr B. Ching'

Far From the Madding Council

MANY farmers have tried the classic "diversification" route of adapting obsolete sheds and barns to house small businesses. Often they run into problems with planners, who delight in prohibiting such developments, insisting that old farm buildings can only be put to "agricultural use", even when they no longer have any agricultural use.

But at the Rempstone estate, between Corfe Castle and Studland, they have found a different way. It consists of the largest surviving chunk of Dorset's famous heathland: 5,000 acres of heather, gorse and woodland, almost entirely unspoiled except for the Wych Farm oilfield for which BP pays the estate rent of £2m a year.

In the middle of the estate stands a quadrangle of historic barns, still in agricultural use. Had the estate come up with a scheme to convert these into a light industrial estate, it is easy to imagine how Purbeck council planners would have objected. It would be "wholly inappropriate" to allow "industrial development" to mar the beauty of rare heathland. The traffic generated would be "totally unacceptable", etc, etc.

Last month, however, the planners *did* approve such a scheme. Local residents' objections were waved aside as irrelevant. This was because it was proposed by none other than the Purbeck officials themselves.

They are carried away with the idea of masterminding their own contribution to "regenerating the rural economy", providing eight prestige "workspaces" in a "historic setting". This is, of course, on an entirely risk-free basis — because every penny is put up by the kindly taxpayer. The "Rempstone Barns Project" is to cost £350,000 — £152,500 borrowed by Purbeck council itself, £148,500 handed over by the rural development commission and the remaining £50,000 by Dorset county council.

The council does not have to worry about whether the development will yield a profit. The yearly rental of £16,000 will scarcely be enough to pay the interest on the £350,000. But Purbeck's ratepayers will make up the difference.

As for the Rempstone estate itself, it scarcely needs any more income, with its £2m a year from BP. After 40 years the barn development will be handed back, free of charge, to give Rempstone a handsome capital asset — thanks entirely to those generous taxpayers. Nice one.

'Even Newer Muckspreader'

WATER NEWS

WELSH water company Hyder has engaged in a massive consultation exercise, proving its customer-friendly credentials by asking every water consumer to help it choose between two alternative spending plans.

Plan A is simply for Hyder to make all the improvements required of it by law by 2005.

Plan B is to make even more improvements; replacing lead pipes, improving more water mains, decreasing the chances of hosepipe bans, and so on. But, Hyder warns, Plan B will cost each customer up to £27 a year more.

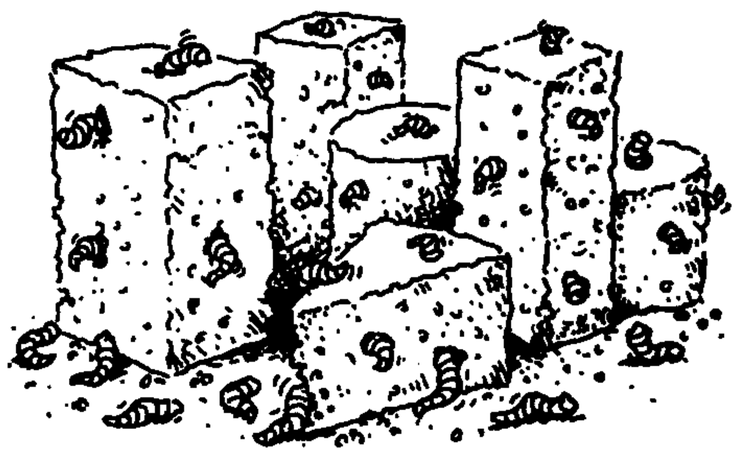
If the customer replies come back rejecting the more expensive option the water company will have the perfect mandate not to replace lead pipes or make further improvements to water mains or reduce the number of hosepipe bans.

Angry customers are writing back to the company pointing out that there are two more plans the company has forgotten to include.

Plan C — cut the high dividends to shareholders.

Plan D — cut inflated salaries to executives (eg chief executive Graham Hawker, whose £240,000 a year has been bumped up by a £96,000 a year bonus).

Oddly, the customer-responsive water company has so far ignored these suggestions from its consumers.



Rotten Boroughs

How Green Was My Wallet

LUCRATIVE Welsh Assembly seats are being eyed hungrily by members of the Taffia, but the ambitious local politicians may do better to concentrate on their own backyards where corruption and nepotism are rife.

● IN **Anglesey**, the council chairman, one Handel Morgan, stated publicly that he accepted without question the damning district auditor's report into the council which revealed breathtaking levels of junketing and nepotistic appointments. Copies of letters written by Councillor Morgan to the district auditor have since been leaked in which he, er, questions the report almost line by line. Council leader John Williams has told the disenchanted Anglesey public that he supported a call to prevent the councillors named in the report from holding important appointments on the council. But in the annual cycle of elections three of the named councillors have been nominated chairs or vice-chairs of important committees. The proposer in each instance was one John Williams.

Other Anglesey councillors are also failing to impress. Finance chief David Ellis Williams was called before a special review committee to explain why assets from an industrial site had disappeared. He eventually told the committee that up to £200,000 worth of assets may have been "removed" from the site. Councillor John Parry is charged with 10 counts of theft from Gwynedd council, where he has a day job. Since Parry got into trouble with Inspector "Dai the Knacker" last December he has only been to council once, for a leisure sub-committee meeting on 23 May. This means he has done just enough to avoid being disqualified for non-attendance and so can continue to collect his annual £5,500 expenses.

● OVER in **Vale of Glamorgan** council, Shaun Stringer has resigned as leader after being arrested by detectives probing allegations of credit card fraud. Stringer, one of New Labour's rising stars, has also been barred by the party from standing for the Welsh assembly. Fraud squad officers were called in after Neil Phillips, the council's finance director, queried the use of a council credit card by Stringer. Since getting his hands on the plastic two years ago Stringer has spent some £4,000. He recently flew to Switzerland to support Barry Town FC's involvement in a European soccer tournament.

● MEANWHILE in **Cardiff**, Good Relations, the PR agency *extraordinaire* continues its spinning. *Eye* readers will recall that Good Relations employs Noreen Bray. She sits on the independent allowance body which awards generous sums to Cardiff county council's committee chairmen.

Coincidentally her company does lots of work for, er, Cardiff council. David Hill, until recently Labour's director of communications, has now crossed the floor to join the company (full name Bell-Pottinger Good Relations — headed by Lord Tim "Flasher" Bell). Hill was soon in action — he was dragged out of a PR piss-up at the Norwegian Church Arts centre in Cardiff's docklands to appear on *Newsnight* over the cash for access scandal. His new employers promote Welsh big hitters including the Welsh Development Agency (chairman David Rowe-Beddoe, Tory fundraiser for the 1992 election) and Hyder, the greedy Welsh water and electricity conglomerate. This on top of its spinning for Cardiff Council whose leader Russell Goodway sits on the Cardiff Bay Development Corporation alongside ... Shaun Stringer.

North Lanarkshire

MORE inflated wage bills to Labour cronies have come to light in North Lanarkshire. Norman Turner, head of leisure and recreation, has just approved a £3,600 wage rise to Ann Malloy, his deputy. Malloy deserves the money because she now has more work to do following a spot of restructuring. Of course the fact that she is Turner's wife is nothing to do with it.

Meanwhile, disgraced council leader Harry McGuigan is doing a Pat Lally. He is refusing to quit despite his council's recent record of incompetence and corruption. North Lanarkshire's direct works department, as the *Eye* has explained, recently lost £4.5m after councillors handed out inflated wage cheques to their pals. With McGuigan refusing to budge, even after a personal request from Scottish secretary Donald Dewar, Labour is now threatening to suspend all North Lanarkshire councillors who support the beleaguered leader.

McGuigan's latest wheeze is a plan to spend £40,000 on a survey to find out what locals think of the council. Funnily enough locals have already delivered their verdict: Labour were trounced by the SNP at a recent by-election in a hitherto safe seat.

Donnygate

HAVE the new leaders at Doncaster Council gone too far in their attempts to pander to New Labour and put the embarrassments of the Donnygate scandal behind them?

A leaflet entitled *Agenda for Change* produced by council leader Malcolm Glover has been declared unlawful by the council's director of law, Judy Rolston, on the grounds that it breaches rules on political publicity under the 1986 local government act. £20,000 of council taxpayers' money paid for the publication, clearly a puff for New Labour, which was distributed in the period running up to the council elections in May. Alf Taylor, the council's acting chief executive, wrote to people who had questioned the wisdom of putting out the leaflet and told them it was perfectly above board.

Harrow

HARROW's Rayners Lane ward is no longer the suburban idyll immortalised by John Betjeman in "Metroland". Local Lib-Dem councillor Alastair Alexander has designed a website to demonstrate the delights of the area to outsiders.

Cllr ALexander believes that taxpayers should know as much about their councillor as possible, so as well as pictures of Harrow farms in the 1920s visitors to the website can see a picture of their councillor with all his body piercing on view — and a full frontal view of the "Prince Albert" that decorates his penis. Taxpayers who wish to take advantage of this personal service should access http://easyweb.easynet.co.uk/~alibear/.

"What are you trying to tell me, Margaret?"

Pseuds Corner

And all of these feelings crystallised at a particular moment. As an 18 year-old boy slipped through the Argentinian cohorts and scored, it seemed right for the whole of England to say: "We've seen our future - and it works."

Leading article
Daily Telegraph

But if the football kit could be viewed as fetishistic or kinky, then it is purely by accident. There is nothing pretentious or arty about it, which probably accounts for its widespread heterosexual appeal. Men appreciate its no-bullshit practicality; women love its delinquent boy chic. When a woman sighs ovcr a footballer, she is really mourning all the illegitimate babies she never had.

BARBARA ELLEN
Observer World Cup 98

We are trouble shooting the underground, walking amidst the avant garde & delivering into depths of the sub-terrain to reflect the here and now, the symbiosis of conceptual sounds an visions. It's philosophy based on the signs of the time and a mutual respect for the pioneers our generation.

'Arthrob' flyer

What is your favourite word?
Ciao.

How will you vote in the next election?
Hopefully.

How do you relax?
Reading and sex.

How often do you have sex?
Whenever I put my book down.

VIVIANA DURANTE
'The Questionnaire', Guardian Weekend

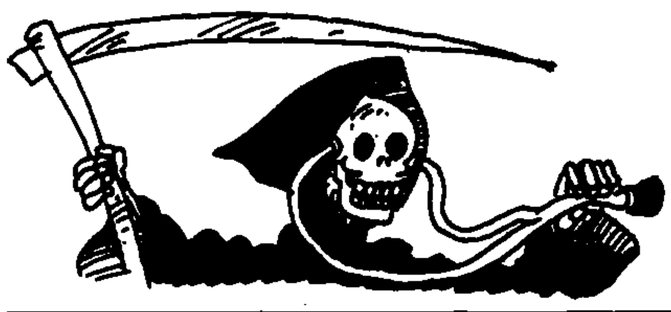
Team Inquiry

The workshop will use case studies, participatory exercises and group discussion to demonstrate how Team Inquiry can be applied to a number of organisational challenges including: 1) leadership development 2) 'non-expert' models of mentoring and coaching 3) anti-oppression training. Team Inquiry is a new, collaborative approach to organisational transformation. It joins together feminist, post modernist and multicultural organisational theories with narrative inquiry methods, adapted from the work of Michael White and David Epston. This approach actively seeks to create learning contexts which are mindful of the potential shaping effects of relationships of power/knowledge and control on the development of referred organisational stories.

Kensington Consultation Centre,
Summer and Autumn Programme

CONTRIBUTORS: Peter Bolton, Steve Manning, Paul McCann, K. Ayre, R. Platt.

£10 paid for entries



DOING THE ROUNDS

Bristol Update

WHEN he resigned in 1996, Michael O'Donnell was the longest serving member of the General Medical Council (from 1971) and had become chairman of its professional standards committee. For 25 years, the former GP campaigned for more rigorous and open accountability of doctors to sort out poor performance, but met with little support. No one wanted to force doctors to audit their work. "There may have been other cases like Bristol in the past," said O'Donnell, "but this case was unique in that someone (anaesthetist Steve Bolson) had gathered the evidence."

Alas, after the *Eye* published the evidence in 1992, O'Donnell raised the issue at a council meeting and was told "Don't worry, Wisheart's a good chap." None of this should be news to Professor Ian Kennedy, who is to chair the Bristol enquiry. He has also given lengthy service as a lay member of the GMC.

CHIEF executive of **Southmead Health Service** NHS Trust Philip Chubb had good news for hospital users in Bristol. He told them in the Trust's annual report that they were "taking advantage of leading edge healthcare IT to improve direct patient care and reduce waste, inefficiency and bureaucracy". How will they do this? By entering into "a long term partnership with Electronic Data Systems". Uh-oh! *Eye* readers will recall that the IT company better known as EDS is itself renowned for waste and inefficiency in its contracts for the Child Support Agency and the Inland Revenue.
STOP PRESS: The trust has just announced another piece of news. It is losing its chief executive, Philip Chubb, who is leaving to take up an appointment as, er, director of EDS Healthcare UK.

OVERPAYMENTS all round at **Tayside** health board, where an inquiry has found that a group of four senior managers (Lesley Barrie, John Hudson, Terry Clark and Nigel Young) consistently "exceeded their delegated authority". Barrie was overpaid by £16,119, Hudson by £31,603, Clark by £4,096 and Young by £10,450. In addition, erroneous overpayments of totalling £113,051 were paid to more than 50 members of staff who "accepted them in ignorance of the facts and consequences". Talks have begun to try to recover the money, but of the four, only Young is still employed by the health board. Lesley Barrie, former general manager, paid herself £36,000 to relocate from Bridge of Allan to Perth, which works out at more than £1000 a mile. She presided over a "secretive and bullying regime", earning £100,000 a year before perks, and took early retirement (£40,000 lump sum plus £15,000 annual pension). Clark and Hudson too took early retirement, the latter with an £83,500 package which "misled" Tay health board's remuneration committee. Apparently, the sum cannot be recovered "on technical grounds". Meanwhile, Young is on extended leave with full pay (£70,000 a year).

MORE scandal at **Central Scotland** healthcare trust, where chief executive Derek Pollacchi has been suspended on full pay (£88,000 a year) following — you guessed it — alleged overpayments to himself and a small group of senior managers. The irregularities were uncovered by the Forth Valley internal audit service.

AUDITORS have also been busy at **London**'s St Mary's hospital, where a senior financial manager has been suspended after the trust board was "misled" over the scale of its deficit.

4.00 The Italian Kitchen. Bethan Jones Parry continues her look at Welsh hymn writers in the Vale of Glamorgan (315) *The Times*

Letters

PrivateEye

Gutted reaction

Sir,

You plumb new depths of tastelessness and insensitivity with your schoolboy sneering at the untimely death of England's brave efforts in the 1998 World Cup. I will be cancelling my subscription immediately, as will my fellow guttees at the Flying Horse. Stick to dead people, you bastards.

NJ SUTTON,

Amersham, Buckinghamshire.

Bear truth

Sir,

Richard Belfield is quite right to upbraid you for your disregard for the facts (Letters, EYE *954). I really cannot understand why you persist in misnaming his programme* DIANA — SECRETS BEHIND THE CRASH *when it's blindingly obvious the real title is* DIANA — NO SECRETS BEHIND THE CRASH.

Anyway, I am eagerly awaiting Mr Belfield's next work of investigative journalism, THE WOODS — SECRETS BEHIND THE BEAR SHIT.

Yours conspiratorially,
PAUL ALLEN,

Via e-mail.

Di-nasty

Sir,

Drawing trivialising comparisons with rape seems to be the thing to do lately (Steve Sharples' letter, EYE *954). Personally I think there are worse things that can happen to a woman than to be married to the heir to the throne, and I have no trouble following Bookworm's logic that if you've lived your formative years one handshake away from the Palace then you start out a yard-and-a-half ahead of the field when it comes to understanding how things happen chez Brenda & co. Whether you make anything of this advantage, or instead try to call Buck House to heel by tossing your pretty head, hurling yourself downstairs etc., is another matter.*

DOUGLAS PORTER,

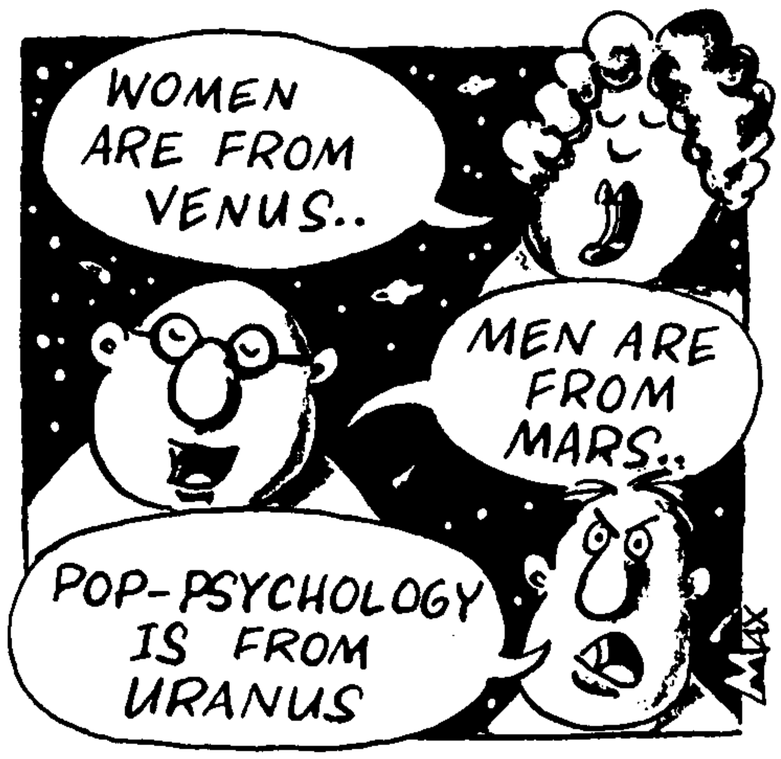
Kenninghall, Norfolk.

Sharpe dresser

Sir,

*Bookworm, if s/he had read the book, would have known that Sharpe is Cornwell's GREEN-jacketed hero, not red-jacketed (*EYE *954). Sharpe would not have been seen dead in a red jacket.*

PAUL,
Via e-mail.



Just the ticket

Sir,

One buys PRIVATE EYE *to read what Fleet Street dare not publish, not what it disdains to publish — such as your ingenuous criticism of our residents' parking permit system (*EYE *954).*

We issue 40,769 residents' parking permits compared with 28,500 residents' parking spaces because residents do not use their permits all the time. If we only issued 28,500 permits a third of the spaces would usually be empty. We charge for permits to help balance enormous demand with limited supply and all the income this raises is spent on traffic related improvements to the borough.

Yours faithfully,
Cllr BARRY PHELPS,

Town Hall, London W8.

Lookalike

Ideal Home model

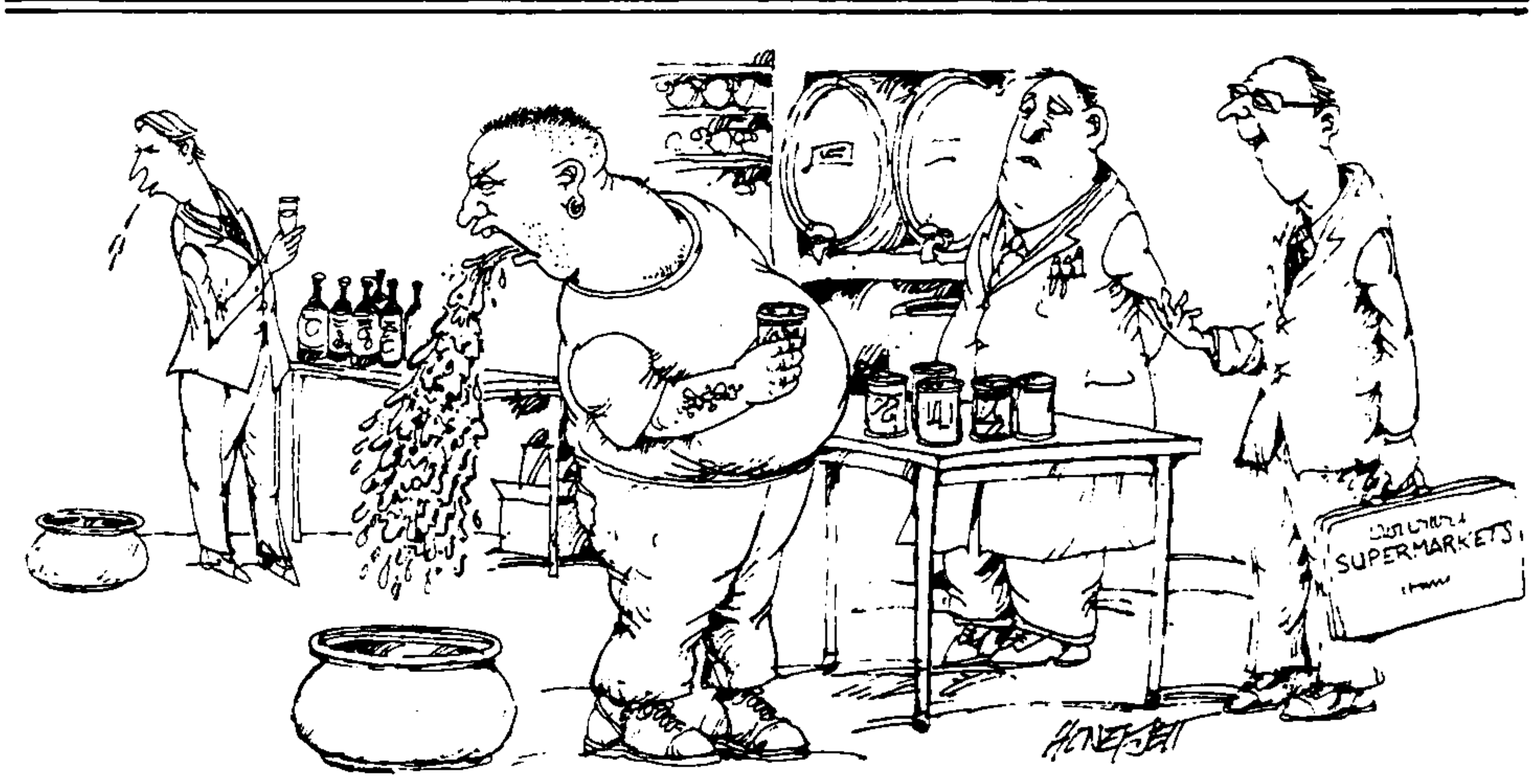
Peter Mandelson

Sir,

Surely I am not the only one to notice the remarkable resemblance between Westminster icon Peter Mandelson and the Ideal Home catalogue model for Snore No More. Moonlighting perhaps?

Yours faithfully,
VERONICA HITCHCOCK,

London SW1.



Pitmans of the world

Sir,

Are the hacks who are outraged when a reporter's own shorthand notes aren't thought to be as authoritative as a recording the same, by any chance, as the ones who used regularly to report that policemen used their notebooks for creative writing? Isn't it due to their revelations that police interviews are now recorded? Surely what's sauce for one lot of bent bastards is sauce for another.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN MEYER,

Leeds.

Two too many

Sir,

Did you know there are now two Michael Winners?

One appeared on last night's edition of NEWSNIGHT, *vigorously expounding the view that it is perfectly permissible in today's society to make rude and abusive comments about your fellow man.*

The other, as we all know, once forced the programme HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU *to make an on-air apology, simply because they made a rather mild joke about his underpants.*

Yours,
PAUL BESTON,

Jersey.

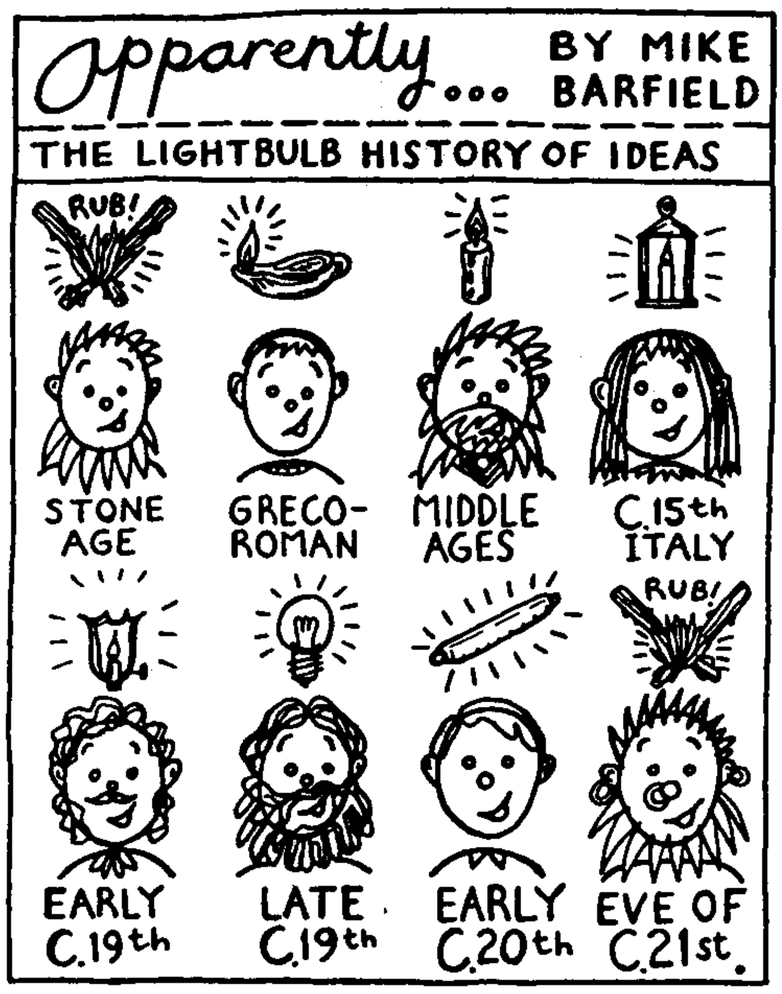
Sir,

Am I alone in finding it extraordinary that the BBC should announce their intention to seek an increase in the licence fee on the same day that they permit Michael Winner to appear on NEWSNIGHT*?*

Have the BBC not heard of public relations?

Regards,
MATTHEW SHOOTER,

South Petherton, Somerset.



Number crunching

17 number of days on which William Hague did not appear in public because of "sinus trouble"

1.7 percentage increase in William Hague's popularity with the electorate during the same period

Eel meat again

Sir,

*So, Mr Meacher has been seeing the Danes about alternative energy sources (*EYE *954). Are these Danes related to those ultra-green Danes who have hoovered-up billions of sand-eels from the North Sea, only to burn the poor things in power stations; and incidentally removing a vital link in the North Sea food chain at the same time?*

I think we should be told.

Yours,
STUART COX,

London NW3.

Friday 5 June 1998
9.30am – 12.00 noon (3 hours)
GCE History Paper (NEAB)

Jurassic fart

Sir,

Loved the cartoon about Barbara Cartland's make-up. Only a tedious pedant would want to know what a fossilised Triceratops might be doing in the Triassic layer, or how the Cambrian and Permian managed to get above the Cretaceous.

Cheers,
DOUGLAS PORTER,

Kenninghall, Norfolk.

Mealy-mouthed

Sir,

Spalton Nutrition has never used meat and bone meal in animal feeds. I cannot claim any prescience for this; it is due to the market sector in which we are.

What I do abhor is the demonisation (with benefit of hindsight) of those who did use meat and bone meal. This was a material which had a 60 year history of use, during about 13 of which the government actually compelled its inclusion in compound animal feeds.

Meat and bone meal is presently banned from farm animal feeds in Britain but some 23m tonnes of animal protein meals are produced annually world wide. Around 10m tonnes of the best quality provide about 8 per cent of the protein used for livestock production. The government is quite happy to allow the import of livestock products, fed on this meat and bone — so obviously sees no health implications, as such.

The audit commission has now revealed that most of the horrendous cost of the BSE epidemic had nothing to do with public health. It was simply self-abasement to and attempted appeasement of the EU.

As for feeding "ground-up animal remains" — well, our children got plenty of those, if you wish to describe meat as such. It didn't do them any harm.

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD SPALTON,

Derby.

Lookalike

Gordon Brown **"Boy Bitten by a Lizard"**

Sir,

Is this Caravaggio painting of a lookalike Gordon Brown allegorical? I think we should be told.

GED HOBAN,

Christchurch, Dorset.

LUVVIES

Hobbies include: Swimming, tennis, motor-bikes, body piercing and her animals.

Vanessa would like to thank Performers (agency) and dedicates her performance in *Chicago* to the eight most important people in her life (you know who you are!). Thank you for your belief, love, tears and encouragement and for putting up with my temper tantrums. I love you."

VANESSA LEAGH-HICKS,
programme notes, *Chicago.*

CONTRIBUTOR: Peter Reynolds.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

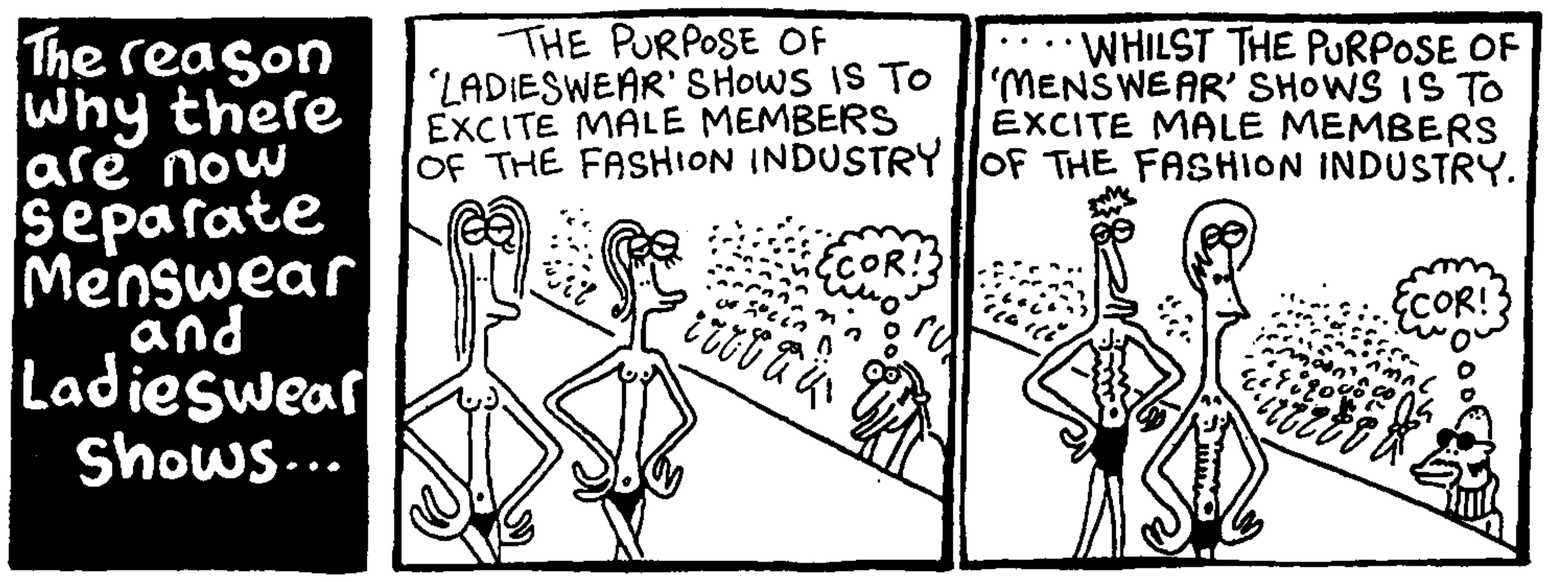
Fowl habits

Sir,

Robert Johnson may well be an organic farmer but his knowledge of animal feeding is distinctly limited. He states (Letters, 954) that "it is manifestly unnatural to feed cows, sheep, pigs and chickens with meat and bonemeal". Pigs are omnivores, as are chickens. I have seen chickens "mousing" and they are not only quicker at catching mice than cats, they eat them whole and don't leave depressing pieces on the carpet. Real free-range chickens spend hours hunting for bugs, slugs and snails and it is this diet which gives real free range eggs their taste.

Yours sincerely,
SIMON MULHOLLAND,

Brightlingsea, Essex.


SUPERMODELS
KERBER
The reason why there are now separate Menswear and Ladieswear shows...
THE PURPOSE OF 'LADIESWEAR' SHOWS IS TO EXCITE MALE MEMBERS OF THE FASHION INDUSTRY
COR!
...WHILST THE PURPOSE OF 'MENSWEAR' SHOWS IS TO EXCITE MALE MEMBERS OF THE FASHION INDUSTRY.
COR!

I-SPY

Renfrewshire

(Submitted by David Pattie)

Edinburgh

(Submitted by Hamish Macdonell)

(Submitted by S.D. Mill)

£10 paid for similar submissions. ***(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)***

Train set

Sir,

I am moved to press my keyboard to register my disquiet at "Piloti's" intervention in the question of the old LNWR (often referred to as the LMS) station in Oxford (EYE *954).*

The station is of architectural importance, but it is currently an eyesore. It is also in the way of a business school and a plan to make the area rather less of an environmental disaster than it is now. I have to declare an interest; I work for the university. However, it is untrue to say there have been no public meetings. The council held a well-publicised one over the transport strategy. Come and have a look yourself — the whole area needs to be sorted out.

What annoys me, and I have no interest here, is that Piloti refers to the Buckinghamshire Railway Society at Quainton Road as a "rather dubious railway museum". That is unfair, untrue and rude. It displays a certain ignorance which makes one worry about other sweeping statements in the past. Quainton Road has been around for 30 or so years. The place is a bit messy, but that is to be expected when you are restoring items from scrapyard condition.

They will use the station building for its proper purpose; receiving and despatching trains and their passengers, and it will be a good focus to their site. Furthermore, they have an LNWR Royal Saloon to display in the building. It will be looked after and cared for.

Yours sincerely,
PAUL DRYDEN,

Via e-mail.

What's up, Doc?

Sir,

It is disheartening to find fourth year medical students rehashing the opinions of their consultant betters (Letters, EYE *954). If he qualifies in time Richard Harkness will eventually realise that M.D. is a very accurate commentator. A quality general practice will generate referrals of a more costly nature because the GPs are actually finding illnesses in their patients. However, it does look as if the hospital service has another recruit on its way in Mr Harkness.*

Yours sincerely,
PETER BARLOW,

Via e-mail.

Sir,

When the vast experience of Richard Harkness has increased still further, he may decide to revise his opinion of "rubbish GPs" and alleged over-referrals.

The factors behind referral are extremely complex, but I would point out the following:

1. GPs with some expertise in a speciality, eg. cardiology, ophthalmology, often refer more rather than less to hospital. This may be because of greater knowledge of diseases and treatments.

2. Referral is sometimes patient-driven and GPs vary in the degree of resistance they offer. "Failure to refer" is a common complaint against GPs.

3. Even if 20 per cent of GPs "haven't a clue what's wrong," which I doubt, surely referring the problem is entirely appropriate?!

If and when your correspondent becomes a doctor, "rubbish" or otherwise, he will be required to make important decisions many times a day. Sometimes he will be required to justify them, especially if something goes wrong (and I predict that 100 per cent of his patients will die at some point). Asking colleagues for advice may help him.

Yours faithfully,
DR PETER GOODERHAM,

Ledbury, Herefordshire.

Sir,

In "Doing the Rounds" in PRIVATE EYE *953 M.D. pessimistically says that "When you do more operations the waiting list grows in proportion. There is a huge pool of unmet need and it can never be met. The more technology and the ageing problem grow the bigger the problem becomes".*

Fortunately there are forces working in the opposite direction. For instance, stomach ulcers are now usually treated by powerful drugs rather than by operations. Tonsillitis is now usually treated with antibiotics rather than by removal of the tonsils. Keyhole surgery makes operations less traumatic and frees beds.

Other such developments are on the way.

Yours faithfully,
J.P. LETHBRIDGE,

Birmingham.

It will allow any dog owner, who receives means tested benefit, to obtain half the cost of a neutering operation at specific vet surgeries.

Nantwich Guardian

"Run for your life – it's Godcilla!"

O·B·N

"Cherie Blair and daughter Kathryn won rave reviews for fashion last night at the star-studded premiere of *Dr Dolittle*, taking centre stage with their effortless chic.

"Cherie got it absolutely right — mixing minimum fuss with maximum effect. Her complexion was powdered to a flawless pale, while her large eyes were accentuated to give them the trendy popped-out look. Lips in the season's hot colour, fuschia [*sic*] pink, completed the look perfectly."

THE MIRROR

WorldCupballs

£10 paid for contributions

"One mistake and it costs you a place in the final – one moment of brilliance, likewise."
BRIAN MOORE, ITV
(K. Burnet)

"They [the Dutch defence] were still in the dressing room when they came out for the second half."
GLEN HODDLE, ITV
(M. Jenkins)

"Without being too harsh on David, he cost us the match."
IAN WRIGHT, ITV
(John Mullarkey)

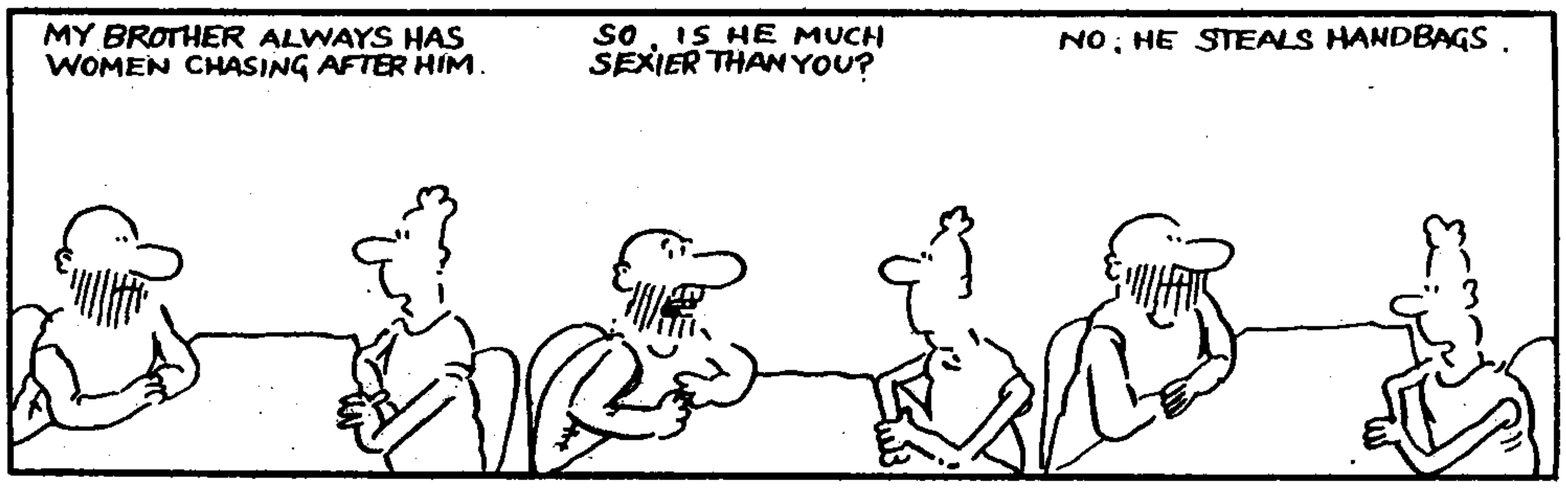
"In football, Simon, time and space are the same thing."
GRAHAM TAYLOR, Radio 5 Live
(Paul Lowe)

Brian Moore: *"The news will be on as soon as the game finishes, although nobody in the world knows when that's going to be."*

Kevin Keegan: *"How can you think about news at a time like this, Brian?"*
ITV
(Richard Newson)

"A great performance from Darren Anderton. There are those who've had his critics, but not tonight."
BRIAN MOORE, ITV
(Bernard Hughes)

HOM SAP BY DAVID AUSTIN



FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "It was the most awful thing I've ever seen," circus performer Nicolae Antosu told reporters outside The Big Top in Bucharest. "Vlad was such a graceful artist, and the whole audience was applauding his act. Then he belched, there was a flash of light and, pray to God, he was blown to bits. I do not exaggerate. We found his head in the popcorn machine."

Antosu was describing the death of Vlad Cazacu, the circus's forty-three-year-old fire-eater, who exploded during a matinee performance on January 23rd. "I've seen him do this trick hundreds of times but, pray to God, something went so badly wrong this afternoon. In the first part of his performance, Vlad would always hold a flammable cocktail in his mouth, so he could spit fire at a burning torch. He called it 'eating the fire,' and it always got a big round of applause. But this time I heard a distinct burping noise, and I noticed him making a sour face just before placing the torch in his mouth. Somehow, he must have swallowed some of the liquid, and when he burped it triggered an explosion."

An official source later stated that "the explosion was so catastrophic that much of Mr Cazacu's body was vaporized, making a post mortem impossible. We did retrieve his head, but that had been badly burned by a cooker. It appears that he accidentally swallowed a volatile liquid, then burped up flammable vapours as he brought the burning torch towards his mouth, with disastrous consequences. This has all been most unfortunate. As a mark of respect, this evening's performance has been cancelled." *(The Parrot [Ghana], June 2-8 1998. Spotter: Tony Campion)*

● "Call it Fate, call it Kismet, but I believe that I was destined to finish this case," ninety-four-year-old lawyer Mustafa Yildirim told the Anatolian News Agency in Ankara.

"I first filed this land ownership case in 1939 claiming that a small plot of grazing land belonged to my clients, not their neighbours. Fifteen judges have worked on the file since then, and eleven of my colleagues, all of them long since dead.

"The clients too have died, as have all the defendants, but the case lived on. And now, finally, the court of appeals has ruled in my favour, and declared that my late clients are the legitimate owners of the plot of land. If only anybody who cared was still left alive, I would celebrate with them. But sadly, I am the real loser in this case, because there is nobody left alive to pay my fees, and the land has been so badly damaged by storms that it is unsaleable. Still, the law is the law." *(The Harare Herald [Zimbabwe], 12/6/98. Spotter: Biellik/Henderson)*

—●—

● *"I would warn the citizens of Orlando that you're right in the way of some serious hurricanes," religious broadcaster Pat Robertson told viewers on his weekly tv show, The 700 Club. "I don't think I'd be waving those flags in God's face if I were you. Tolerating homosexuality in this way will not only bring hurricanes to Orlando. It'll bring terrorist bombs, it'll bring earthquakes, tornadoes, sickness, unpleasantness, and possibly a meteor."*

Other religious leaders also condemned the Gay Day at Disney parade, which this year attracted an estimated 120,000 gay and lesbian demonstrators to Walt Disney World's Magic Kingdom. "The church is not going to be silent," said Filip Benham, national director of Operation Rescue. "You have a number of people who are coming in and shaking their fists at God. Those are the homosexuals, and God will smite them."

But local Baptist minister Randy Young was less critical of the parade. "Orlando is a pretty moral town. If God was going to hurl a meteor at someone, you'd think he'd start with Las Vegas." (USA Today [11/6/98] & Brisbane Courier Mail [3/6/98]. Spotter: Paddy Fell)

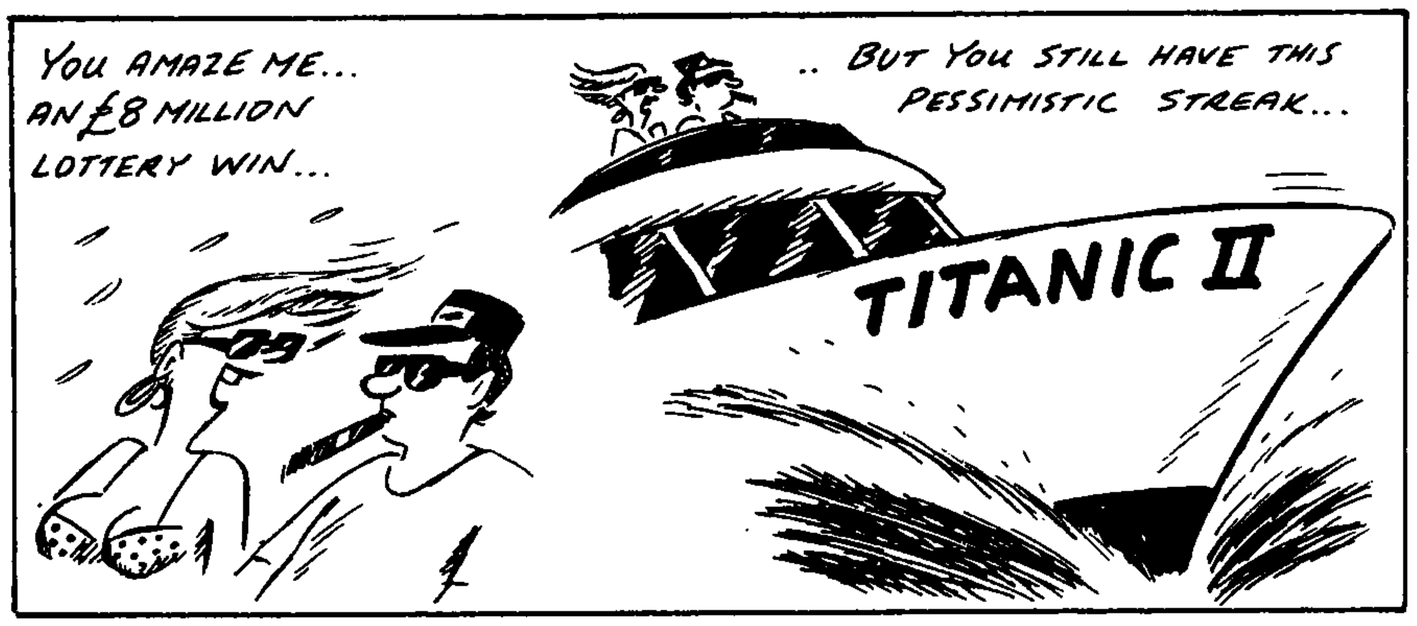
COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

CORRECTIONS AND CLAIRIFICATIONS *Grauniad*

● CAPS START: This is the style for a plain caption. A pic credit butts up to the base of the pic. If there is no pic credit, delete 'john smith' but keep the text box to provide space between the pic and the

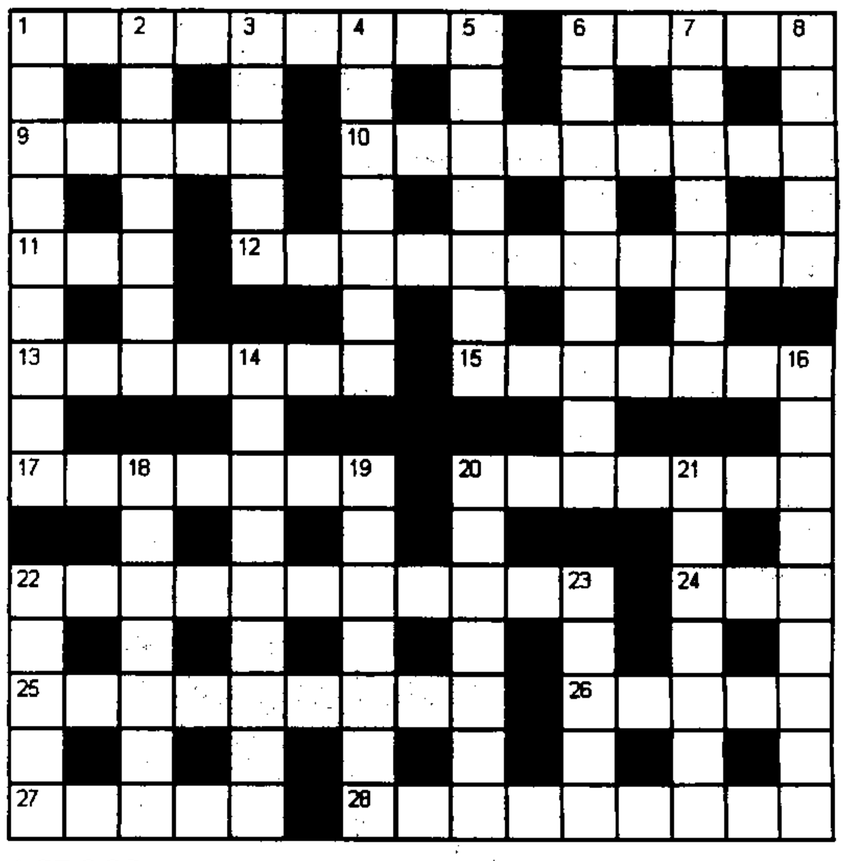
Yorkshire Evening Post photo caption

The Lottery Winners TURNER



EYE CROSSWORD 110

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

1 Virgin sexually initiated on sheet daily? (9)
6 Some crass American state (5)
9/12/7 Brenda's topping, bringing to court mass organisation making trying decisions (5,11,7)
10 'Arsehole Loony Delors' –*Sun* (leader substituted by Conservative leader) (9)
11 Go on – mount! (3)
12 (see 9)
13 Where pot may be evident half-way into a pop song backing (7)
15 Lots of money gets you sleek transport – belt up first (7)
17 Hair-trimmer I'll shake during fantastic head (7)
20 Join the PC crowd and work out? (7)
22 (see 21)
24 Bill got through Monica, finally getting caught (3)
25 The spirit of our age involves size (get it?) (9)
26 Naughty bits cleaned up here – wait at end of street (5)
27 Tawdry adventure features girl in the woods (5)
28 Someone like Redwood displays craft after having a stiff one (9)

DOWN

1 Given Monica reportedly gets pinched gobbling guy up, ... (9)
2 ... row erupts over no good hack getting slandered (7)
3 Peg riding a Page 3 girl (3-2)
4 After beer, Dicky gets to be really annoying (4,3)
5 One gets stuck in balls by Brenda's revolting people (7)
6 *Sun* made one universal balls-up, to a disgusting extent (2,7)
7 (see 9)
8 Kundera: a bloke to swallow one live? (5)
14 Like many a badly handled case, given little thought? (3-6)
16 Weekly Tote's crap – terrible (9)
18 Savage grabs American president's butt with passion ... (7)
19 ... the guy's stuck in a stew pot (7)
20 Highlander who tragically lost the plot many years ago? (7)
21/22ac Screwing state talks (7,11)
22 Shocked to see powder added to Ecstasy by daughter (5)
23 Dippy Sly rings up sexually undiscriminating type, a fortune-teller (5)

£100 prize to first solution opened on 31.7.98. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 109

Winner: PATRICK ELLIOTT

ACROSS: 1/14 Cabinet reshuffle 5 Bedroom 9 Break a leg 10 (see 19) 11 Rigid 12 Inebriate 13 Voters 15 Trollop 17 Rye 18 Riposte 20 (see 19) 23 Debauchee 24 Fatso 25 Cliff 26 Robin Cook 27 Athlete 28 Liaised.

DOWN: 1 Cab-driver 2 Beer gut 3 Nuked 4 Talkie 5 Baguette 6 (see 22) 7 Oddball 8 My eye 14 (see 1ac.) 16 Padlocked 17 Recharge 19/10/20 Publish and be damned 21 Notions 22/6 Verbal diarrhoea 23 Dacha 24 Fonda.

ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)

Hullo there!

And that's "hullo everybody", not just hullo to those of you who have given money to the church!

I've never heard such a lot of nonsense in my life as this gossip which has been going round the parish (Mr Hutton, who was once a friend, may know whom I'm talking about!) claiming that St Albion's is run by the vicar's "cronies"!

"Crony Blair" is apparently the joke that is going the rounds in the St Albion's school playground and I gather young William Hague is apparently behind this little gem!

Don't get me wrong! I can take a joke as well as the next man. But some things just aren't funny. They're stupid, childish, hurtful and just plain wrong! It's time that someone taught that boy some manners, isn't it?

What does the Bible tell us, "spare the rod, and spoil the child" *(Book of Eccles, 7.15).*

Anyway, look, let's get something straight! So long as I'm running St Albion's, there are no special friends and no special favours!

You are all equal, in the sight of the vicar. Just ask my friend Mr Mandelson, our very own Peter, "the rock on which we build our tent"! *(St Matthew Parris, p.2, para 4).*

As for the idea that People can pay money for the chance to talk to the vicar, this is just silly, and I'm not even going to bother denying it.

There are far more important things to get on with, like telling you about our plans for the Gala Dinner to raise funds for the church roof!

We've had a very exciting idea — or rather one of Mr Mandelson's young assistant wardens has.

The tables at the dinner-and-dance, to be held at the Granada Crest Hotel on September 17th, will be graded, as follows.

For a £25 ticket you can sit next to Mr

Meacher and Mrs Beckett. For £50 you can sit next to Mr Blunkett and his dog Ofsted, who is such a favourite with us all!

Anyone who is generous enough to give £100 will have the chance to sit next to Lord Bragg, who has said he will do his best to be there.

For £150, you can rub shoulders with our parish treasurer Mr Brown and his delightful partner Sarah (who may well prove more of a draw than Gordon!).

And for £250 you can sit next to yours truly and Cherie (her work commitments allowing, obviously!).

This is a must for local businessmen! Tickets incidentally are being arranged by Mr Liddle, who is liaising with a local marketing company called Axxess.

See you there! (So long as you buy a ticket!)

Crony

MILLENNIUM TENT UPDATE from our Churchwarden Mr Mandelson

Many thanks to the following for their generous donations to our very successful Millennium Tent project: Mr R. Murdoch (proprietor of Adult Vids and Mags); our local branch of Tescos (Manager Terry Lealey); and British Telecom (St Albion's District Manager, Mr Vallance).

They will not be forgotten when Tony gives his next cheese-and-wine evening at the Vicarage!

(Keep those cheques coming! TB)

TREASURER'S REPORT
From Mr Brown

I know a lot of you have been complaining over the past year about my prudent management of parish funds. Just because I am from "north of the border", they have said, I have been a wee bit tight-fisted! Well, I am glad to tell you that, after a full review of the books, we can now afford to spend £57 billion on a whole range of improvements to our parish facilities. I have given the go-ahead to the building of new toilets in the primary school, a children's room for the cottage hospital, a disabled ramp to the organ loft and new kettle for the vestry for our after-service coffee sessions.

Are we going to have to put more money onto the offertory plate, I hear some of you asking. Well, yes and no. Yes, everyone will have to give more. But, no, you won't notice it, because you're all going to be much richer, because of the recession (Are you sure about this bit, Gordon? TB)

Though I say it myself, I have spent a long time doing the sums on this one, and I hope you will all agree that this is the most imaginative and

The Editor reserves the right to cut all articles by Gordon Brown for reasons of space, especially when they seek to take credit away from the Vicar! Alistair Campbell, Editor.

Verses By A Local Poet

Ready To Serve

They not only serve
Who stand and wait
But also those who say
"Vicar, you're great".
I am waiting here
hard by my 'phone
So give me a ring,
Oh, won't you, Tone!

Mrs G. Rebuck, Hon. Sec. of the Women's Book Group, (meetings alternate Wednesdays, next book: Captain Corelli's Mandelson), Random House, Gould Street.

The following parishioners have been forgiven (not that they have done anything wrong!).

Mr Robinson, who had some problems with his businesses and forgot to tell the taxman.

But all that's behind him now, and quite understandable, given all the hard work he has put into doing such a magnificent job for the parish! TB

NOTICES

■ Mr Prescott has asked the mums *not* to clog up the roads surrounding St Albion's Primary by doing the school run in their cars. Some mornings he says the traffic is so bad he can't find anywhere to park his Jag!

■ Dr Mowlem's talk on "The Triumph of The Peace Process" has been unavoidably postponed owing to unforeseen circumstances. Instead there will be a showing of Mrs Winterson's highly topical film "Orangemen Are Not The Only Fruitcakes".

■ Mr Puttnam will not be joining the PCC "Viewers & Listeners" Committee due to the fact that he has not been asked.

■ Mr Brown returns this week from his holiday with Mr Murdoch in Idaho. He says it was an offer he couldn't refuse!

■ Meanwhile the vicar will be on holiday in France throughout the month of August. I am sure we all agree that he and Cherie deserve a well-earned rest!

PM

SHOULD BIRT GIVE UP THE BBC?

by **Lord Bragg of Melvyn**

DISGRUNTLED presenters at the BBC were united last night in calling for the BBC's Sir John Birt to step down from his £3 million job as Director General on the grounds that he is "too close to the Labour Party".

Dear John Letter

The presenters handed in a petition to Birt's office in Digital House (formerly Broadcasting House) detailing his links with the government:

● John Birt is a personal friend and former employer of Peter Mandelson.

● Birt's daughter, Birtina Birt, works at Peter Mandelson's Millennium Dome.

● Birt has recently accepted a working knighthood from Labour leader, Tony Blair.

Stop the Weak

Last night Sir John was unavailable for comment. A spokesman for the Director General, a Mr Peter Mandelson, said: "These allegations are completely true. Sir John is an impartial supporter of Mr Blair, as he was of John Major and Mrs Thatcher and anyone else who will give him lots of money."

MICROLIGHTWEIGHT MAN SETS NEW RECORD

by Our Aviation Staff
Allcock and Gordon Brown
(The Wrong Brothers)

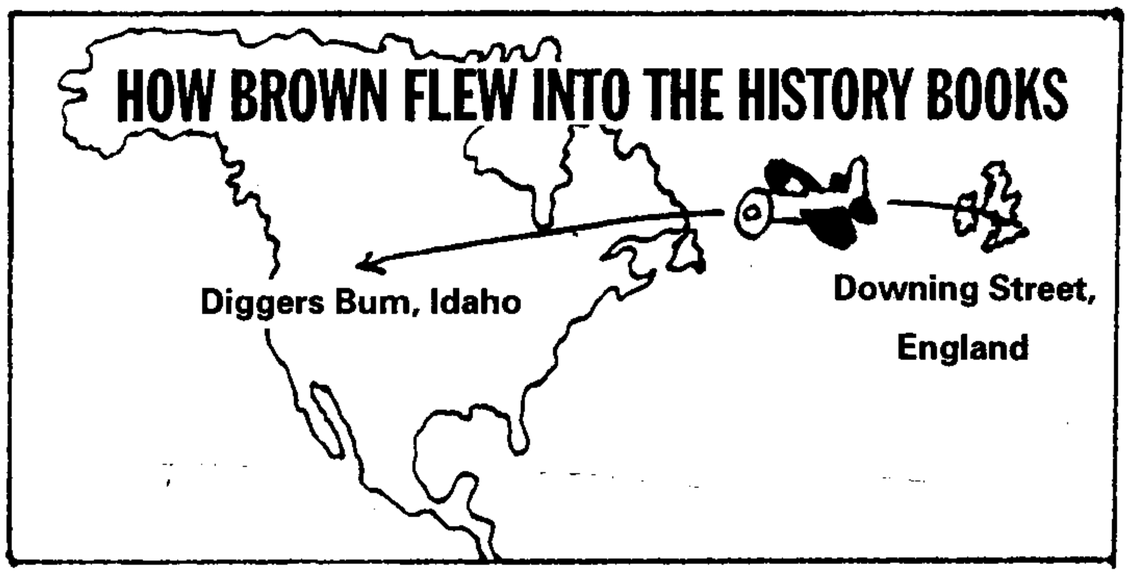
A LONDON man, Mr Gordon Brown, landed in Sun Valley, Idaho today having established a world record for transglobal sycophancy.

He had set off from London on a historic journey, funded only by the taxpayer, in an epic attempt to suck up to Rupert Murdoch.

Louis Blairiot

The previous holder of the record was a Mr Tony Blair who in 1997 flew all the way to Australia on a similar journey.

Looking tired but triumphant, Mr Brownnose said, "I am delighted to have completed my mission. They have laid on a big reception of businessmen for me in their traditional shirt sleeves and they have all wished me luck on my return leg."



SALLY JOCKSTRAP The Voice of Sport

□ NOW the World Cup's over we can all start thinking about football again. It will be great to see Tiger Woods in a Man United strip. Watch that gold shirt take the chequered flag in the 4x4 Men's Relay at Glorious Goodwood.

■ *I AM second to none in my admiration for Chris Eubank, but it's time us experts told him to hang up his bat. No offence, Chris, but you'll never be snooker champion again.*

□ WHERE on earth is the new generation of British golfers? Tim Henman is clearly past it, and Michael Owen has still to prove himself in my book (coming out next month — *Sally Ho!*, Bantam, 99p). Why haven't we got a teenager who can do well at the Masters?

Roll on Henley.

LAMBETH CONFERENCE MARRED BY TALK OF CHRISTIANITY

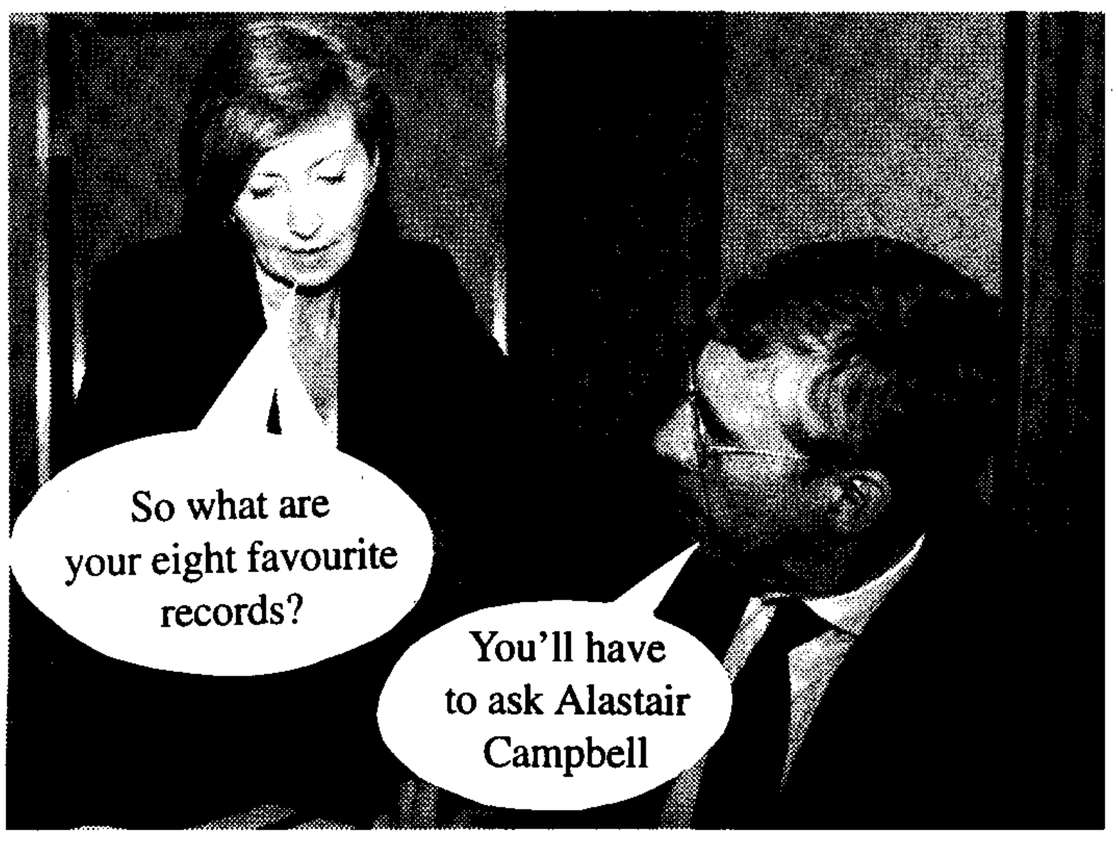
by Our Religious Affairs Staff **William Synoddie**

Lambeth Palace, Tuesday

FEARS grew tonight that the traditional gathering of the Anglican communion will be hijacked by bishops from the third world discussing God and other marginal issues instead of concentrating on the central themes of Lesbian Bishops and Gay Marriages.

Said one irate senior cleric, the Bishop of New Viagra, Arkansas, the Very Reverend Marvella (formerly Marvyn) Hassockburger, "We strongly *(cont. p. 94)*

DESERT ISLAND SHOCK



CZAR PAYS LAST RESPECTS TO YELTSIN Text in full

"He was a sad weak man who should never have been allowed to rule over Russia. He was a remote figure who lost touch with the people and spent more and more time in the company of his beloved companion Vodka. DNA tests have now established beyond any doubt that towards the end he was completely pissed all the time."

Those Mourners in full

Mrs Molly Nargs (possibly the Grand Duchess Smirnoff of Warrington); Mrs Hiram J. Trump the Third (claiming to be Princess Amnesia); a man with a beard claiming to be Prince Michael of Kent, who was this year's winner of Russian TV's popular "Czar Lookalike" competition *(That's enough mourners. Ed.)*

CRIMEWATCH UK

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS WOMAN?

She is captured here on TV making off with £500,000 of licence payers' money. If you know who she is or have any information as to why the BBC let her get away with daylight robbery, phone now on this telephone number:

50-00-00

The Moron
Friday July 24 1998

IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST EVIL MAN?

By Editor Piers Moron

THIS IS Greg Palast, better known to his friends (if he had any) as Lying Bastard!

He is the man who sought to bring down the greatest prime minister who has ever lived, i.e. Tony Blair.

It was his lies, spread all over down-market tabloids like the Observer, which tried to link Tony Blair with a bunch of seedy Soho bigmouths who call themselves lobbyists.

We have only one message for Greg (a convicted serial killer in his home state of New Dworkin, according to reports we've just made up):

Go back home to your own sleazy country, where the electric chair is waiting for you!

Hasn't Tony got enough on his plate trying to make this country the greatest in the world, without scumbags like you coming over there and making up a pack of lies?

If we want lies about prime minister, we'll make them up ourselves, thank you very much!

Leave the journalism to us, Greg.

Or should that be 'Dreg'?

BLONDE WOMAN IN AMERICA GETS NEW JOB

by Our Entire Staff

A BLONDE woman working on a magazine in New York is to leave her job and get another one.

The blonde woman is married to a man who had a job in the newspaper business in England a long time ago.

Friends of the blonde woman were saying last night that she was happy in her old job, but now it was time for her to move on to a new job.

She is to be succeeded in her old job by an American man, possibly with glasses and wearing a suit, although this is yet to be confirmed. *(Reuter)*

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam: Lines on the Forthcoming Closure of Simpson's of Piccadilly, the Gentlemen's Outfitters.

So. Farewell then
Simpson's of Piccadilly.
Famed emporium
Of gents' suitings.

"Does sir dress
To the left or
The right?"

That was your catchphrase.

Another was:
"That will be £999.
How would you like
To pay
Sir?".

Maybe that is why
You had
To close.

E.J. Thribb (17fi collar)

Gordon Brown
An Apology

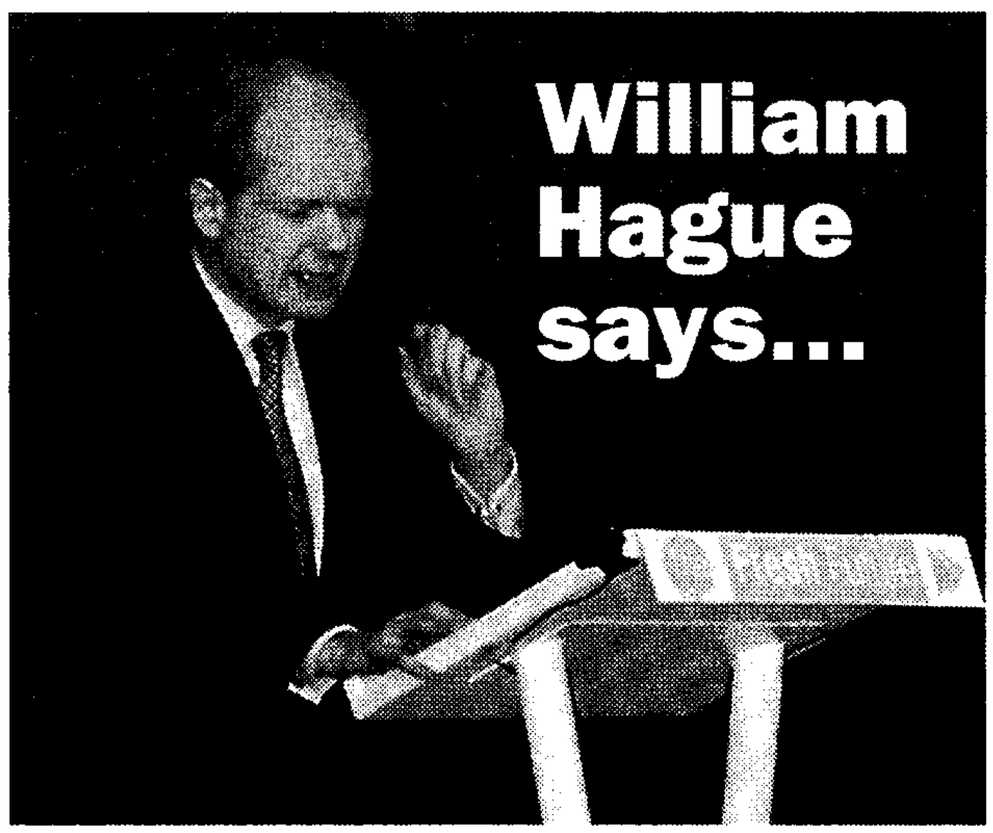
IN COMMON with all other Conservative newspapers we may have given the impression that we thought Mr Brown's £60 billion spending review was in some way excessive. Headlines such as "Spend! Spend! Spend!", "Gordon Blows Your Future" and "Brown the Drain with New Labour" may have led readers to believe that we felt the Chancellor was committing too large a portion of the nation's wealth to social expenditure.

We now realise (after being briefed by senior Tories) that in fact Mr Brown has fiddled the figures, has presented old money as new and is not going to spend anything like as much money as the Conservatives used to on the vital and popular areas such as education and the NHS.

We would like to apologise wholeheartedly to the Conservative party for any confusion this may have caused our readers.

There will be another apology tomorrow when we work out what it is that Mr Brown is up to.

Advertisement



"THE Labour Party has no principles and no ideas. It's all just populist rubbish generated by listening to focus groups.

In the Conservative Party we do things differently.

Which is why we're asking **you** if you've got any ideas of what we should believe in.

For example:

- **What we should do about the economy**
- **What we should do about Europe**
- **What we should do about transport**
- **What sort of baseball cap I should wear**

We want to hear from you. Why not pop into your local branch of the Conservative Party. Or if there isn't one, you can e-mail me direct as squittcon@deadloss.co.uk.

Remember, you talk, we listen."

The Conservatives — The Listening Bank Managers

LET US NOT BEGRUDGE THE FRENCH THEIR VICTORY

by George Walden

SO THE French have done it — winners of the World Cup for the first time in their history. Some commentators have suggested that they may have been assisted by good fortune, but this is not a time for mealy-mouthed jealousy. It is an occasion on which to congratulate our historic rivals for a triumph which they shall remember for many years to come.

For a Gallic victory at the highest level was long overdue. Indeed France is historically a nation of underachievers who unlike the British, have had very little to cheer about recently. Not only do they have a stagnating economy, high unemployment and spiralling racial tensions, but they were also easily over-run by the Germans in the Second World War. Indeed, winning a football tournament may also go a little way towards consoling them for losing every major battle against the English from Agincourt to Blenheim right through to Waterloo.

And whilst Britain has given the world the train, the jet plane, the hovercraft, the television and the wind-up radio, the French have never managed to come up with anything more exciting than pasteurised milk! They are also a rude, obstructive and frankly rather unpleasant nation who are cruel to animals...
(cont. Page 94)

*"Actually, they're King Charles the **First** Spaniels"*

On Other Pages

- Did Chirac bribe the Brazilians?
- Picture of Bobby Moore holding World Cup in 1966.
- Depressingly Unfunny Cartoon of Napoleon in Heaven saying "I also could only ever win at 'ome!"

Late News

ENGLAND WIN WORLD CUP

THERE WAS a night of national celebration last night when the World Cup was won by a team containing several players who play for English Premiership sides.

The team with the English based players was magnificent and thoroughly deserved their victory, which included at least one goal resulting from a move that had involved an English based player.

Following the presentation several of the pseudo-Englishmen were probably in two minds whether to brandish Union Jacks as they celebrated, before eventually opting for the French Tricolour.

There were further jingoistic outpourings at the sight of Englishman Reg Pritchard walking up the steps to receive his World Cup medal. Touch judge, or rather "assistant referee", Pritchard, having officiated brilliantly, later said "It's been a glory night for Britain".

(Reuters)

Exclusive to the Sunday Times

WAS RONALDO MURDERED? Al Fayed's shock claim

THE extraordinarily poor performance of Brazil's start striker Ronaldo in the World Cup final against France was sensationally explained last night by new evidence offered to the Parisian authorities by Mr Mohamed Al Fayed.

According to Mr Fayed, Ronaldo played badly because he had been killed the night before by a conspiracy involving the Queen Mother, the SAS, Mossad and Mr Tiny Rowland.

A Load of Footballs

Said Mr Fayed: "It is the only plausible explanation given the unanswered questions surrounding Ronaldo's mysterious lack of form."

He then listed what he called the "fuggin' facts".

a) Was there a white Fiat Uno on the pitch in the second half?

b) Who switched on the blinding floodlights before the game even started at eight o'clock at night?

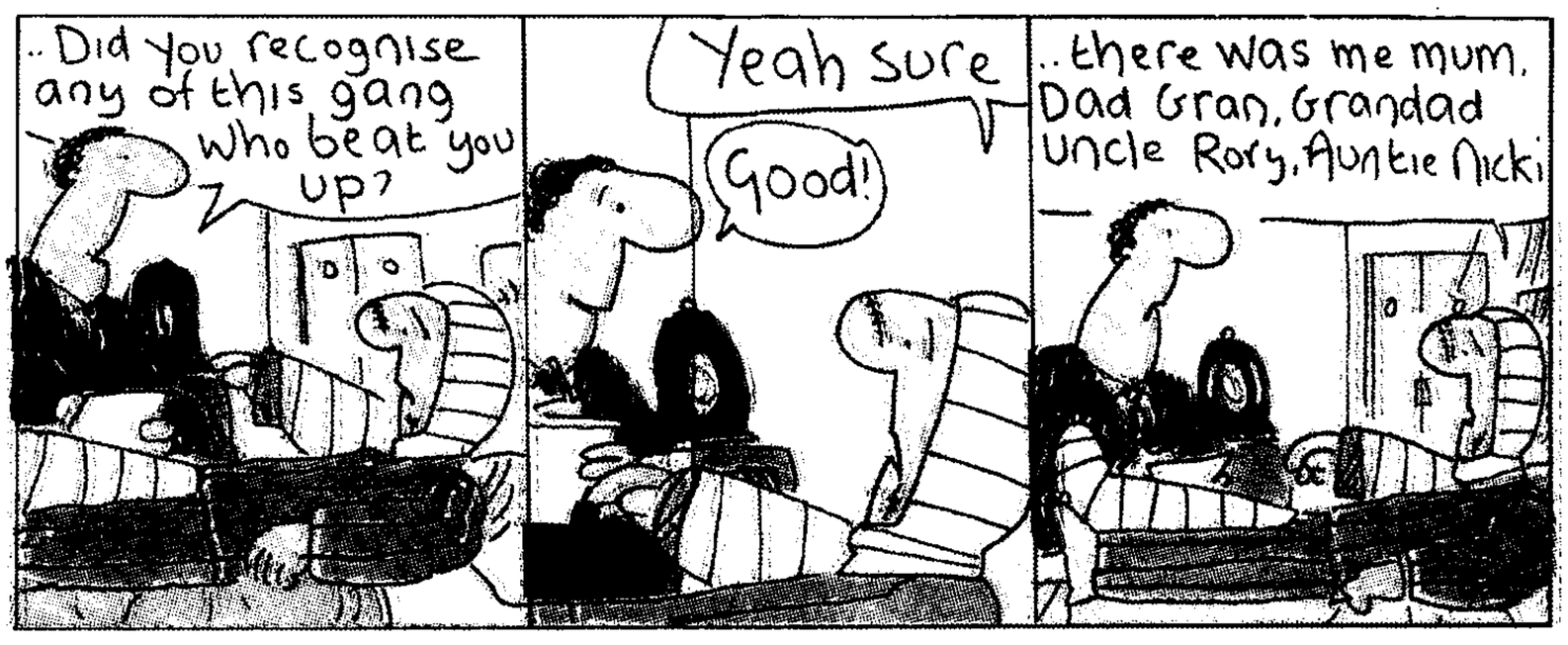
c) Why was Ronaldo running at 4mph when his normal average speed is 120mph?

"The answer is simple," concluded Mr Fayed.

"The Brazilian offered a threat to the British Establishment because he was a foreigner who *(cont. p. 94)*

Yobs

HUSBAND



Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94: Service For The Induction Of The Hello! Magazine Into One's Charming Home.

Archbishop of Canterbury *(for it is he):* Hello?

Reporters: Yes, that's right!

Archbishop: Ha, ha, ha. Do come in.

Reporters: Is it alright if we take some photos?

Archbishop: It is very meet, right and your bounden duty so to do.

THE TAKING OF PHOTOGRAPHS

(The staff of the magazine shall then process through various rooms of the house, taking tasteful shots of the contents of the Archiepiscopal fridge and other important but homely details)

Photographer: Can you lift up your eyes?

Carey: I will lift them unto the camera.

Photographer: You may now sit.

Carey: Even so, on the sofa?

Photographer: Yeah. Great.

READING

(There will then follow a reading by the journalist of a series of questions agreed beforehand by the Archbishop's press office. He may ask: "How long have you lived in this delightful house, Your Grace?" or "Where did your wife buy these charming cushions?" He may not ask: "What about gays marrying in church?")

THE DISMISSAL

Archbishop: Goodness me, is that the time? I have to be at Synod in 20 minutes.

Photographer: Just one more roll, your grace, and then I'll be on my way. Could we go out into the garden?

(The Archbishop grindeth his teeth but remembereth the importance of public relations in the Church of today and processes into garden as requested)

THE SECOND DISMISSAL

Archbishop: No, I really have to go. I'm most awfully sorry.

Photographer: So be it. Well, very nice to have met you, your holiness. Makes a change from Fergie, ha, ha, ha!

Carey: Ha, ha, ha!

(The photographer shall exit whistling some suitable hymn, it may be "Three Lions On A Shirt" or it may be "Vindaloo")

© Halo Magazine 1998

"All right. I'm going out now. I may be some time..."

Advertisement

SPIN DOCTOR DOLIDDLE

HE TALKS TO THE POLITICIANS!

JOIN the incredible adventures of Spin Doctor **Roger DoLiddle** as he converses with the creatures of the political jungle.

Enjoy the fantastical two-faced **Geoffrey Robinson** *(Surely Pushmi-Pullyou? Ed.)* and the parrot **Dollynesia** who can't stop talking *(That's enough. Ed.)*

The Dolly Telegraph

Big Mouth

He's Young. He's Stupid. He's Untrustworthy. And He Can't Write.

That's Why The Dolly Telegraph (circulation 750,000) Has Hired Him To Be Its Star Columnist.

Our New Weekly Column, 'Big Mistake' by Derek Draper, starts on page 16.

The Dolly Telegraph

Get Your Free Copy From The Floor Of Any Train.

ALSO PICS Of This Summer's Bikinis, From The Catwalk by William Deedes, and Ulrika Jonsson Interviews Boris Johnsson.

PLUS Special Offer — BUY ONE DAILY TELEGRAPH, GET 20 FREE, plus year's supply of Viagra. Guaranteed to reverse circulation problems with your elderly organ.

"What goes down must go up, I hope," says TVs Charles Moore.

NURSERY TIMES

FRIDAY JULY 24 1998 *BRITAIN'S FASTEST-SELLING COMIC*

ONLY 10 CHOCOLATE COINS ON MONDAY

Wicked Stepmother Meets Snow Wills

by Our Court Staff ***Spinocchio***

THE HEIR to the Throne was sensationally introduced to his future wicked stepmother yesterday over tea and crumpets in the Royal Palace.

Prince "Snow" Wills, who is known for his striking good looks (inherited from his late mother, the Queen of Hearts) was understood at first to be reluctant to meet the evil Camilla.

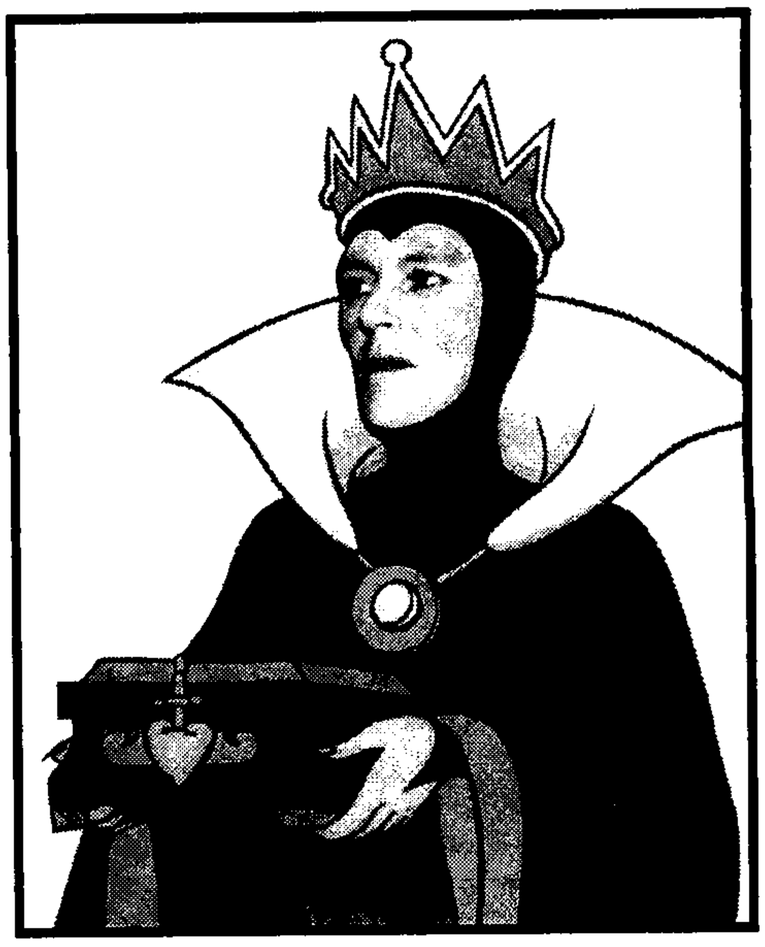
However Camilla, an older woman who is constantly told by her Daily Mirror that she is the unfairest in the land, reportedly got on famously with the young prince.

Contrary to expectations, the wicked future Queen did *not* offer the handsome Prince a poisoned apple, nor attempt to brush his hair with a deadly comb. Nor did she send him out into Highgrove Park to be murdered by the Royal Huntsman.

Instead the two discussed the relative merits of the Spice Maidens (a popular troubadour ensemble) and the All Saints (a similar minstrel troupe).

Camilla then offered Wills a Rothmans, and he invited her to a secret party for his father, Prince Charming-the-Press.

A Royal spokesman concluded: "It looks like a fairytale ending. Everyone is going to live happily ever after."



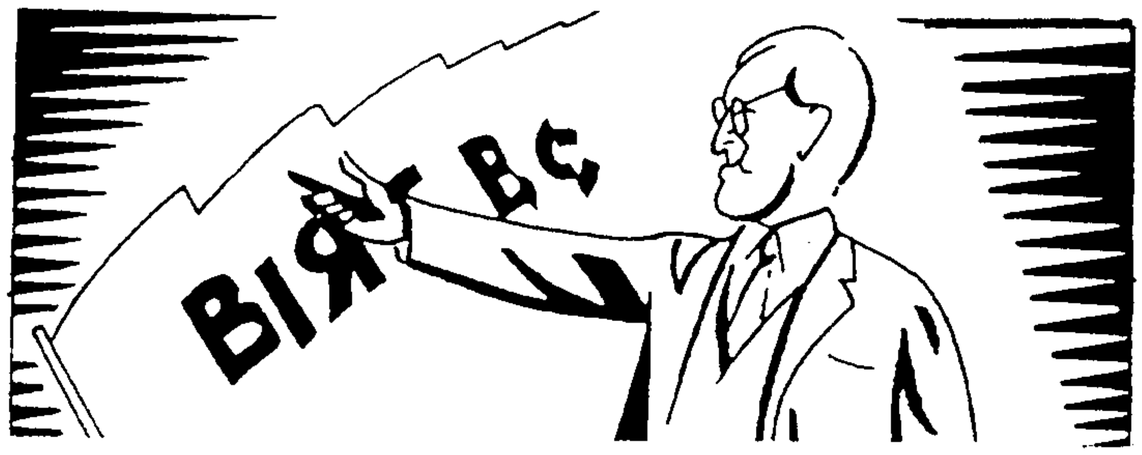
Harry Enfield's **Bores** Drawn by **Michael Heath**

"We fought & we lost but we lost with pride & we can hold our heads up high & be proud to be English & we fought like brave lions & we lost & that's no disgrace because we battled superbly & were beaten but unbowed & we can furrow our brows & square our jaws & know in our hearts that we're better than the foreigners who beat us with their theatrical antics we fought with gallantry & with good humour except for Beckham but we mustn't knock the lad though he did let down our brave nation & in the jungle the mighty jungle three lions cried tonight at his un-English display in the face of such gallantry such bravery such fighting spirit of Dunkirk *& pulling* together by his team mates & the important thing is playing not winning & by God did we play & by God did we win almost except we lost & by God are we a nation of Henmans what a tremendous victory for Tim of England to lose quite near the Final & he can stand with English Pride for he is George who almost slayed the dragon & what battling cricketers only England could produce such steely warriors unbowed by being all out for two & fighting on to achieve a victorious draw hail conquering rugby warriors who trounced the foe by all but seventy two..."

ПРАВДАRIEL

FRIDAY JULY 24 1998

BIRT LOOKS FORWARD TO BBC'S RADIANT FUTURE



IN A speech lasting seven hours, the great leader of the Digital Revolution and helmsman of Producer Choice Comrade, Sir John Birt looked forward to a glorious future where everyone in Britain would have access to 1,000 channels.

At the rally held in the new John Birt Stadium in west London, 30,000 fanatical Birtistas gave their leader a standing ovation lasting 5 hours 23 minutes and 5 seconds (to be broadcast in full on BBC's 24 hour rolling news channel and repeated every hour).

There then followed a series of tributes to the leader from chosen comrades who had taken part in the Long March of Birtism.

Crisis of Falling Ventob

First came Chairman Bland who proclaimed: "We salute you, Comrade John, for the way you have rebuilt the BBC from the days of the hated and discredited former leader the Grand Duke Hussey.

"We spit on the memory of this one-legged running dog of Husseyism," he told the ecstatic bureaucrats.

Bland of Hope

"Comrade John has exterminated the intellectuals and given the schedules back to the people.

"His new 5-year programmes, including a fly-on-the-wall docu-soap about the heroic work of Britain's lollipop persons, a 268-part series on how to cook in your canoe with Anthea Turner and a nightly new scratchcard lottery show hosted by the Teletubbies, have won universal acclaim throughout the world

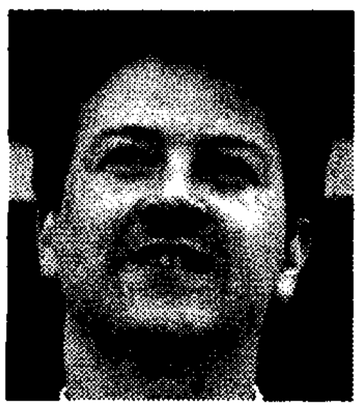
Chairman Bland concluded by demanding a huge pay increase of £2 million a day for Comrade Birt, to bring him into line with other muti-millionaires.

"The licence payers of Britain will regard it as an honour and a privilege to pay another £500 a year each, as their contribution to the just reward of Comrade Birt, the heroic leader who has given them a glimpse of the finest broadcasting service in the world, before he destroyed it."

The Eye names THE 17 MOST IMPORTANT MEN IN BRITAIN

WHO ARE they – the men at the centre of the cash-for-access scandal that is rocking Tony Blair's government to its foundations?

Dolly Draper, 17, partner in top lobbying firm NBG. Formerly editor of the influential *Prozac* magazine (prop. Lord Sainsbury), Dolly moved onto the inside fast-track when he worked for three weeks in the office of Peter Mandelson in 1993. Clients include United Biscuits and Allied Paperclips. Once boasted that he had Guernsey phone number of Geoffrey Robinson. Reputed to earn £850,000 a year.



Felix Mendelssohn, 23, Soho-based marketing whizz-kid of lobbying firm Mendelssohn, Mandelson and Mandelstan (MMM). Once overheard in L'Escargot claiming that he could arrange lunch with Margaret Beckett. Sprang to prominence after working in Milbank Rapid Rebuttal Unit. Clients include United Paperclips and Allied Biscuits. Estimated salary £1,050,000 a year.

Ed Bore, 34, top aide to Chancellor Gordon Brown. Accused of leaking details of pre-budget discussions on public spending plans between Oofy Wegg-Tosser and Peter Mandelson to lobbyists NDC (Neal, Down and Creep). Described on Newsnight as "jumped up little pipsqueak". Married to fast-rising Labour MP Patsy Jacket.

Gussy Fink-Nottle, cousin of Oofy Wegg-Tosser, and member of exclusive Drones Club where top level political secrets are traded with the likes of "Bob" Wooster of Mori Poll fame. Gussy was once engaged to new Labour high-flyer the Hon. Lavinia Starborgling but the engagement was called off after an unfortunate incident involving the vicar and a bowl of goldfish at the village flower show.

Dolly Parton, founder of strategic PR firm The Parton Partnership. Formerly research assistant to Michael Meacher, Parton first went into business with fellow lobbyists Ben Lucre and Neil Lawbreaker to form BLT which was subsequently taken over by NBG (see above). She claims to earn £2,000,000 an hour.

Oofy-Wegg-Tosser, 26, personal assistant to personal assistant to Peter Mendelssohn (see above). Once sent fax to the *Financial Times* leaking contents of Blair's lunch at L'Etoile with the CBI's Adair Turner. Lives with Molly Draper, sister of Dolly Parton and thus part of Blair's "Charmed Circle".

Dolly the sheep, 2½, widely respected "Clone" who has already worked as an adviser to Peter Mandelson, John Birt and Uncle Tom Cobleigh, the chairman of the newly merged United Allied Paperclips and Biscuits Group who have donated *(That's enough top men in Blair's Britain. Ed)*

Literary Review

Frank's for nothing

Mad Frank and Friends
by Frankie Fraser with
James Morton
(Little, Brown £16.99)

DINSDALE PIRANHA, you will remember, was vicious but fair.

"Yes, definitely he was fair," said Vince Snetterton-Lewis. "After he nailed me head to the table, I used to go round every Sunday lunchtime to his flat and apologise, and then we'd shake hands and he'd nail me head to the floor. He was very reasonable. Once, one Sunday, I told him me parents were coming round to tea and would he mind not nailing me head that week and he agreed and just screwed me pelvis to a cake stand."

Quite apart from spending 42 years in prison, Frankie Fraser has suffered the humiliation of finding his whole life-story perfectly adequately summarized by a Monty Python sketch. What's to add?

Still, even this has not dented Fraser's self-satisfaction. His first memoir, *Mad Frank*, appeared a few years ago. Now here's a grotesquely titled and even more complacent sequel, going over the same old cases and kicking the same old corpses yet again. Next up: *These I Have Axed*.

Frankie Fraser, more than anybody except perhaps Ronnie Biggs, has survived to profit from the sentimental indulgence accorded to brutal criminals by maudlin journalists and a doltish public. As a result of that first book — produced with the same co-author, James Morton, a former solicitor and dedicated gangland groupie — his showbiz career has really taken off, to his delight. "Before, I was a celebrity, but in a different way through being in and out of prison over one or two famous cases and for my violence in prison. Now I am a celebrity both because of all that and the show business side of it, and it has got quite interesting and very enjoyable," he crows. "In fact, I'm in the pink," he concludes.

He not only appears on chat shows, performs on stage, acts in films, makes records and leads tours of criminal London, he has appeared in an ad for Campari. It remains only for him to die — although then, God help us, there'll be the funeral.

Fraser (let's forget the matey Frankie) threatened, attacked, robbed, mutilated, tortured and possibly, allegedly, murdered people all his life until he became too old (he is 75). The fear, injury, pain and grief he has caused is beyond computation. The mere cost of catching him and keeping him confined at HM's pleasure for so long would probably have paid for a hospital or two.

Yet here he is now, virtually a media darling, as though the worst he had done was be a bit of a cheeky chappie, instead of somebody who thought little of attacking people with axes and razors. We have been conned, by a combination of our own sentimentality and the indulgence of writers and film-makers who should know better, into treating disgusting criminality as a mildly gamey heritage item, a little bit of old London town at its most colourful.

The motives of those who have fostered this idiocy are obvious enough. There's that frisson of contact with real violence enjoyed by so many cowardly dorks sitting at their desks. There's the pretence that the real object of interest is the fascinating Cockney lingo — *Frankie and Friends* comes with lots of footnotes explaining that "hookey" means dishonest, and so forth. There's also the self-deceiving nostalgia for the old "community spirit" of Cockney London — they never hurt their own kind, you never had to lock your door, we looked after each other, all that crap.

The unspoken sub-text to all this is of course that in those days London was all white. Such supposedly modernist London writers as Ian Sinclair, lovingly excavating the old gangland, do so partly to enjoy a world without Asians or blacks. It's a strictly reactionary fantasy.

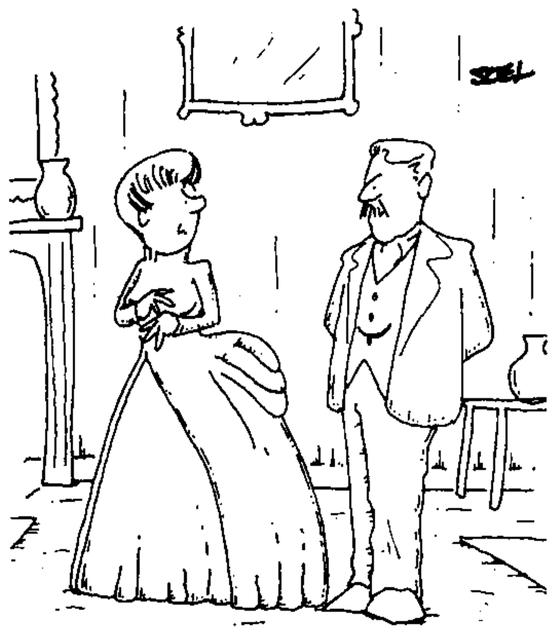
Fraser, who is not without cunning despite having put himself behind bars for most of his life, plays up to the image artfully. In neither of his memoirs does he ever talk about his actual crimes, let alone describe the acts of violence. Instead, he talks up the life around in glowing terms.

Like other gangsters, Fraser has a complete vocabulary of moral inversion, projecting a world in which it is the criminals who are good and indeed "straight". A certain Moishe Cohen perjured himself for Fraser in the Richardson trial. "He was a lovely man, very good," says Fraser. "It shows that people who have been into crime have the decency to stand by people." No, it shows that criminals are liars, too.

When he says "What's funny is how you can get really decent men who in the end will go crooked," what he means is that some determined criminals will sometimes grass on each other. Again and again, he refers angrily to convicts who have decided to testify. "I was gutted. I'd known Patsy Lyons so well, and I'd have put my life in his hands. It was a great tragedy, him of all people giving evidence." No it wasn't.

The assumption throughout is that crime is itself just another career, another form of community, instead of a vicious parasitism on everybody else. "Of course, just as you can get good people you can get wrong 'uns. It's the same in any walk of life." It is not. Fraser boasts about his horrid family too. Only one of his four children has not been a criminal. "Between the others they've got a lot of bird," he says proudly. But the grandchildren have "let the side down really" — only two out of 11 have "kept the flag flying" and that was "not serious bother at that".

His current wife, Marilyn, gets her own chapter of rubbish. "I've got a first class criminal pedigree", she brags, being the daughter of a Great Train Robber. The Richardsons, don't you know, "did a lot of charity work for the kids, and they arranged old people's coach trips to Southend". Frank, she maintains, is "a very interesting and honourable man" — no he isn't — and "a real gentleman". Not violent to his own kind: "He's never laid a finger on me..." As for real murderers: "Prison's too good for the likes of Sutcliffe, Brady, Nilsen. They should all be 20 feet under." And so on and on. We could all predict such cliches. But why bother? The Pythons got there first.



"Does my bum look big in this"

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

New *Private Eye* Service for Readers!

Filth by Irvine Welsh: The English Translation

■ Evening all. My name's Bruce Robertson, and I'm a copper. A dashed awful copper too, and no mistake. A right old nasty piece of work. A v**ina, in fact. That's me.

Mind you, everyone I meet is more of a v**ina than I am. Black people, they're v**inas. And women, they're even worse. I'm not partial to old people either. I have a particular hatred for poor people, too, which almost matches my hatred for black people, women and old people. Not that I like rich people, or white people, or men, or young people. Everyone in the world, in my opinion, is a v**ina. All of which helps to make me a fascinating literary character.

My old chum Irvine, the ex-pat millionaire, gets to swear an awful lot about all the people I hate so much and we have hundreds and hundreds of pages of fun with me toddling around Edinburgh, meeting lots of new people and — lo and behold — hating their guts. In fact, everyone I meet — and this will come as rather a surprise — is a v**ina! It's all fascinating stuff.

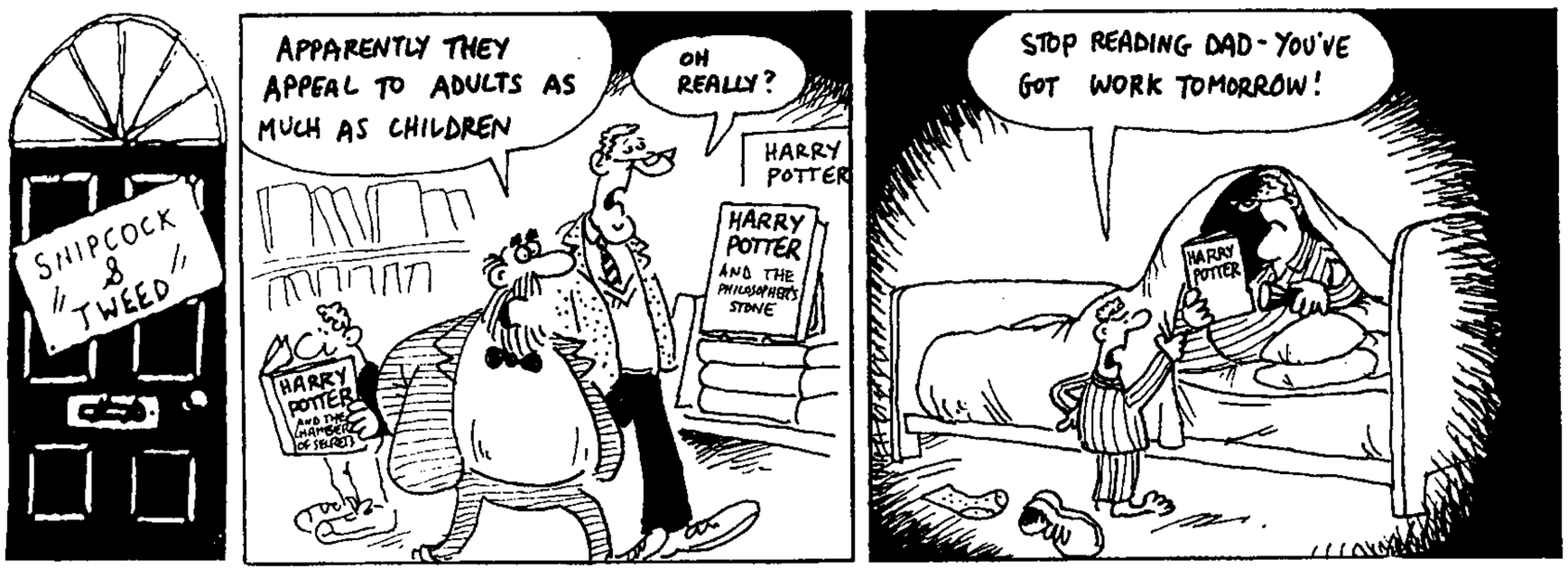
The hilarious irony in all this is that I've been assigned to investigate the murder of — and this will come as rather a surprise, too — a black chappie. Imagine the hilarious jokes we all have down the station, with me investigating the murder of black chappies while at the same time wishing all black chappies were dead. It's simply joke after joke.

And just in case you tire of this — not that you will, of course — you'll be pleased to note that as the investigation progresses, I develop eczema on my anus. Imagine all the hilarious and lenghty descriptions of itching and scratching with all manner of foul substances under my fingernails!

What's more, this is a deeply political novel. "You can't afford a conscience these days!" — that's my motto. Right on! Thatcher out!

Everyone will love this book, from misanthropes to fascists; psychopaths to dermatologists — it's a sure-fire hit for v**inas everywhere.

Bookworm


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
APPARENTLY THEY APPEAL TO ADULTS AS MUCH AS CHILDREN
OH REALLY?
HARRY POTTER
HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE
HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS
STOP READING DAD - YOU'VE GOT WORK TOMORROW!
HARRY POTTER

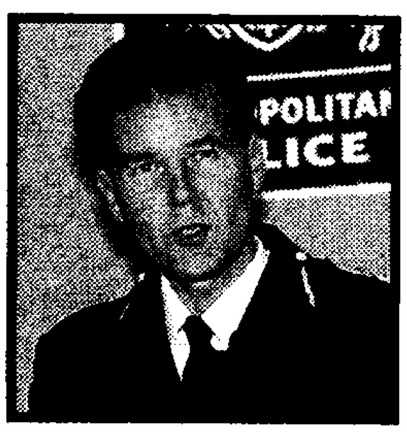
footnotes

Eye of the storm

NOW THAT the hearings in the Stephen Lawrence inquiry are over, readers may like to know about the role of *Private Eye*, which was often mentioned.

On 25 May 1994, unknown to the *Eye*, Commander Perry Nove, then head of the south-east area of the metropolitan police, wrote to Superintendent Phil Selwood, senior complaints officer at Scotland Yard's internal complaints division CIB about two articles in the *Eye* (issues 845 and 846).

The articles revealed for the first time the main reason why the Crown dropped the prosecution of the early suspects for the Lawrence murder. Duwayne Brookes, a young black friend of Stephen who was with him when he was murdered, had picked out two of the suspects from identification parades. But his identifications had, in the word of more than one police officer at the inquiry, been "tainted" by a statement from a police officer, DS Christopher Crowley, who had escorted Duwayne home after one of the parades. The *Eye* also revealed that Sgt Crowley had been involved in the arresting and charging of Nathan Adams during the run-up to the 1992 trial of racist thugs charged with the murder of his brother Rolan. Nathan was a crucial identification witness in that trial.



TWO COPS AT THE TOP: Commissioner Nove and Asssistant Commissioner Johnston

Commander Nove commissioned an urgent report on the articles. Supt Selwood submitted his report eight days later — on 2 June. He did not interview Sergeant Crowley or Duwayne Brookes. He spoke to several senior police officers, including Chief Superintendent Philpot, who knew about Mr Crowley's involvement with Nathan Adams. Selwood confirmed that the facts in both *Eye* articles were correct, but concluded: "My inquiries to date indicate that there is little basis in fact to the suggestion that the police service in general or DS Crowley in particular have acted improperly in this affair." He also pointed out, indisputably, that Sgt Crowley had helped provide evidence to convict Rolan Adams's murderer.

The *Eye* articles and the Selwood report were often mentioned during the public inquiry hearings. Mr Selwood, however, was one of the many important witnesses not called, and most of the documents he relied on remained secret. Instead, the inquiry heard evidence on this matter from Commander Nove, now promoted as head of the City of London police, Supt Philpot and Assistant Commissioner Ian Johnston.

Mr Philpot was asked by Jane Deighton, representing Duwayne Brookes, about the suggestion in his report that the role of DS Crowley in both murder cases had been "very peripheral".

Q: "You now know that you were wrong in your limited understanding of his scope in the Adams investigation, so it is quite clear that if he took more than a quarter of the statements his involvement was not peripheral in that investigation?"

A. "That's right."

Q: "His involvement in the Stephen Lawrence investigation was absolutely pivotal?"

A: "I don't know, ma'am."

Q: "If you do not know, why say it was peripheral?"

A: "Because I was advised it was peripheral."

Q: "Who by?"

A: "I can't remember."

Later, he was asked:

Q: "You accept now that your recitation of the facts in this memorandum is in many ways flawed?"

A: "Yes, you have flawed it, yes."

Q: "If there are any conclusions you drew about the way in which Sergeant Crowley acted in either of these murder investigations, you could not really rely on them now, could you?"

A: "I think that would be the best way of putting it, ma'am."

Cross-examined by Ian Macdonald QC, Commander Nove started with the surprising revelation that *Private Eye* had suggested that Sergeant Crowley "was related to one of the suspects". Asked who told him about that allegation, he replied doggedly: "I thought it had appeared in the *Private Eye* article." Nothing of the kind ever appeared in the *Eye*.

Mr Nove was also asked about the Selwood report's unfounded assertion that there could be only one motive for Sergeant Crowley to have been wrong about his account of the conversation with Duwayne Brookes — racism.

Q: "He [Mr Selwood] has not, for example, investigated what Duwayne Brooks, in effect, told this inquiry, that in the course of a car journey back he told Sergeant Crowley, effectively, to fuck off. That kind of motive has not been investigated, do you agree?"

A: "I accept that is the position, yes."

Later, he agreed again: "We certainly never discussed whether Crowley might have said these things as a result of pique at being sworn at in a car. We never discussed that." He also agreed that the Selwood report had not considered the possibility that Sergeant Crowley may simply have misunderstood what Duwayne was saying.

Mr Nove was also asked about a passage in Crowley's account of the conversation in which Duwayne was alleged to have said he could pick out the suspected Acourt brothers because he was at school with them.

Q: "That would have been a very simple thing to check out, would it not, and see whether that was correct?"

A: "It would have been capable of being checked, yes."

It was not checked however. If it had been, Mr Selwood would have discovered that Duwayne was not at school with the Acourts.

Again, Commander Nove admitted that Selwood did not check out another contradiction between Duwayne's account and Crowley's. On Crowley's account, Duwayne had boasted he was able to identify a suspect whose clothes indicated he had spent the night in the cells. Duwayne said that the story about the clothes came not from him but from another identification witness who spoke to him at one of the parades. That wasn't checked either. If it had been, Mr Selwood would have discovered that another identification witness did indeed claim to have identified a suspect because his clothing indicated he had been in the cells all night.

The best summary of the Selwood report came from assistant commissioner Johnston, who conceded: "If you are making the point: could the investigation have been much much more thorough? — of course it could."

Commander Nove also alleged that "either I or Ian Johnston wrote to the editor of *Private Eye* and said: 'If you know something that goes to this issue, you must tell us,' and they never replied." Neither the editor nor anyone at the *Eye* or the *Eye*'s lawyers have any record or memory of any such letter.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLES

FOLLOWING the *Eye's* recent revelations about home secretary Jack Straw's spectacular U-turn on prison privatisation, a mischievous source has leaked us some secret home office research.

This shows, first, that the "savings" achieved through lower pay and worse conditions for workers in the privatised prisons amount to just under 30 per cent of the total cost. Most of these "savings" go not to the taxpayer but to the lucky contracting companies.

Secondly, the leaked documents reveal a glorious shambles at the two new prisons built under the new wave of privatisation known as "DCMF". DCMF hands over the whole prison to private contractors to "Design, Construct, Manage and Finance".

Parc prison near Bridgend, South Wales, built and run by Securicor, appears to be in complete chaos, and at Altcourse on Merseyside a confidential audit reveals that the contractors, Group 4, have completely failed to provide the services they promised; and that the jail does not offer value for money.

A home office spokesman told the *Eye*: "At Parc we had some concerns and there were some deep and meaningful discussions — and an action plan was drawn up. Things were pretty rocky at one stage, but, touching wood, they have settled down over the past six weeks. At Altcourse, we have had to impose a financial penalty because of the large number of assaults on prisoners and staff." All this, said the spokesman, was "not uncommon".

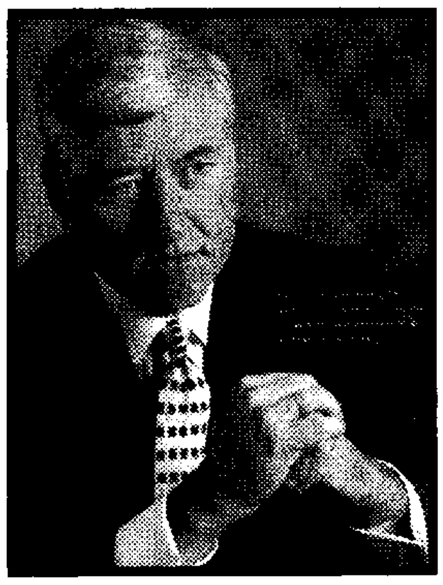
It depends what you mean by uncommon.

On 15 June home office minister Joyce Quin revealed that £124,563 has been paid out in penalties by the private prison companies since 1994. £82,870 of that was paid out in April and May this year by Securicor at Parc prison (£54,782) and Group 4 at Altcourse (£28,088). Almost all the rest was paid out way back in February 1994 — by Group 4 at Blakenhurst.

The civil servant who persuaded Jack Straw to go back on his word and privatise more prisons was Hugh Taylor, director of services and administration at the prison service. Mr Taylor was promptly promoted, and is now director of personnel at the national health service (watch out for more privatisation there soon).

CABLE & TAXLESS

CABLE & Wireless, the multi-million pound telecommunications giant, are celebrating their recent Queen's award for industry with an ingenious plan for large-scale tax avoidance.



ONE IN A MILLION: Richard H. Brown

A spokesman confirmed to the *Eye* that the company's sea cable division, Cable and Wireless, is planning "a more tax-efficient way" of paying its employees. The company which pays them, now based in Chelmsford, will be moved offshore. The result will be that C&W (turnover last year £8.3bn) will "save" about £1m by not paying national insurance contributions for their marine division workers.

Said the spokesman: "We are looking at ways in which we can bring our costs down so as to offer prices which our customers, you know, are if not at least happy with might at least appropriately expect".

Are there any other ways C&W could save a million without damaging the national insurance fund which helps finance the NHS? Well, chief executive Richard H. Brown was paid £1,116,602 last year. In addition he was awarded a "deferred bonus" under which he will receive 89,250 shares on 1 April, 2000 and 106,880 on 1 April 1, 2001 on one condition only — that he is still working for the company. The value of these shares is slightly over £1,500,000, and rising.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

A CHEER went up in every media office in the country as news came in of a tremendous kick in the pants for the Police Federation and their energetic lawyers Russell Jones & Walker.

For as long as anyone can remember, RJ&W have been suing newspapers and radio and TV stations for libel on behalf of police officers. Until last year, their success rate was extraordinary. Out of 96 cases, they won 96. As a result of their actions, hundreds of thousands of pounds of media money poured into the pockets of defamed police officers. The fact that the federation backed individual officers in these actions gave them an enormous advantage over smaller newspapers, which were often obliged to apologise and pay up rather than fight an expensive action against a wealthy plaintiff.

Now this whole process has hit the buffers. In 1992 the *Guardian* reported that eight Stoke Newington officers, none of whom were named, had been transferred out of the area during an anti-corruption investigation. Three years later, five officers, Bennett, Gillan, Goscomb, Mapp and Watton, sued the *Guardian* for libel, claiming that they could be identified as the ones moved out of the area, and that they had therefore been exposed as corrupt. The *Guardian* claimed that no such meaning could possibly be read into the article, which had correctly reported the facts.

The case came to court in January and February last year. After a remarkable performance by Mr Justice French (see *Eye* 918) the jury found for the *Guardian*.

Unaccustomed to defeat, the Police Federation, advised by RJ&W and their QC Tom Shields, decided to appeal. In their grounds of appeal, they objected to Mr Justice French's summing up, which had, in the *Eye*'s words, "been consistently and absurdly partial" to the police officers.

This month the case came to the appeal court (Lord Chief Justice Bingham, Mr Justice Robert Walker and Mr Justice Hirst). "It seems to us significant," they declared, "that the points now strongly urged upon us [by Tom Shields QC] were not urged upon the judge at the time..." Moreover, "the judge summarised the evidence of the five plaintiffs, one by one, in a manner which was by no means unfavourable to them. Although the judge quoted some of the answers given by the plaintiff in cross-examination, there was nothing in any of these answers which was damaging to the plaintiffs..." Moreover, most remarkably, "the judge made no reference at all to the evidence called by the newspaper".

The appeal was dismissed. The bill for the Police Federation had jumped by another £150,000 or so. The total money spent on this action could keep 50 police officers on the beat for a year.

Bourne again

■ MORE about Geoffrey Bourne-Taylor, the eccentric bursar of St Edmund Hall, who played such a part in the toppling as principal of former judge Stephen Tumim.

One of Bourne-Taylor's first actions when he took up the bursar's post in 1988 was to join the local masons. John Cockin, secretary of the Apollo University Lodge, wrote to "brother Bourne Taylor" informing him that he had been elected "a joining member".

A Big Moyes

THE first big triumph for the government's private finance initiative (PFI) was the contract to build a new £4m community hospital at Stonehaven, Aberdeenshire.

The contract is a special tribute to the Scottish office civil servants who pioneered PFI. Chief among these was assistant secretary in charge of developing PFI, Dr Bill Moyes.

In 1994, under the Tories' policy of "seconding" civil servants to private enterprise, Dr Moyes was "seconded" to the British Linen Bank, a subsidiary of the Bank of Scotland.

Private Fortunes
PFI
Incorporated

In November 1996, he left the Scottish Office to become an executive director of the British Linen Bank.

In January 1997, the successful consortium for the Stonehaven contract was named. It includes the British Linen Bank, director Dr Bill Moyes.

Awash with directorships

BARONESS O'Cathain, ennobled by John Major for her prodigious efforts in top British boardrooms, intervened powerfully in the House of Lords debate on beach pollution on 9 July.

She reminded the minister, Baroness Hayman, that European Union "structural, regional and cohesion funds" were "being used by other countries to clean up their beaches and to make sure that raw sewage is pumped further out than one mile from the coastline". She recommended that the secretary of state for the environment apply for such funds "for this purpose rather than have [the cost] fall on the water companies".

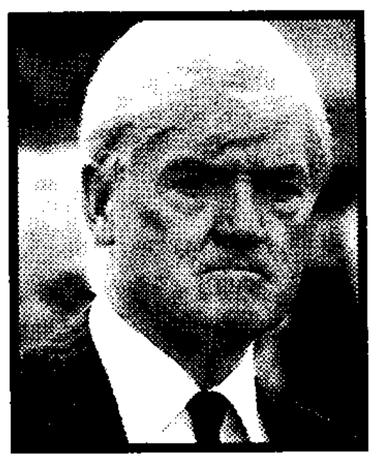
HAPPY: Baroness O'Cathain

Lady Hayman agreed at once that she would "investigate the issues raised by the noble baroness". Tactfully, she did not name some of the water companies which might gain from such grants, such as Saur Water Services, Mid-Southern Water and South-East Water. The noble Baroness O'Cathain is a director of all three.

Car Parkinson

EVERYONE knows that one government can't bind its successor, but the freedom of the successor is sometimes limited — as in the curious case of the Birmingham relief road.

As soon as the Tory government announced, 10 years ago, that they planned to build the road, two things happened. First, the Labour party declared that a Labour government would never build the road. Secondly, the contractors started to demand tough penalty clauses in the contract. Despite New Labour's commitment to "open government" no one can find out how much the contractors would be paid if their project was abandoned. Deputy prime minister John Prescott, once the most vocal Labour spokesman against the road, won't even admit what is obvious: that the penalty clauses in the contract made its cancellation impossibly expensive, and that there was therefore no alternative but to go ahead with a road that nobody except the road haulage industry and the department of transport wants.



MEL DONE: Lord Parkinson

This is one of the many broken Labour promises which the Tory Party will not mock. For one thing, the previous Tory government supported the relief road with almost messianic enthusiasm. For another, the current Tory party chairman, Lord Parkinson, was closely involved in it, both as secretary of state and as company director.

Parkinson was transport secretary in August 1989 when the "prequalifying bids" for the new road were sought by his department. In October 1989 three firms were chosen from the bids: Tarmac (of which Parkinson had previously been a director), MPC and MEL (Midlands Expressway Ltd). In October 1990 the three companies submitted full bids.

A month later, Parkinson's heroine Margaret Thatcher was toppled as PM and Parkinson went with her. Independent consultants were brought in to consider the three bids. MEL's bid was described by them as "seriously deficient in many respects", but in August 1991 MEL won the contract anyway.

A few months later, Parkinson became an executive director of MEL. He stayed on the board until 1996. By the time he left, the penalty clauses binding any future government to huge payments if they abandoned the road were in place.

You can write to Paul Foot at Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

"BEWARE Levinsons bearing gifts" should be the motto for desperate shareholders in cut-down, cut-price CD seller Tring International. After making at least £11m from Tring, the offshore family Levinson (father Paul and son Mark) have generously rallied to Tring's rescue as their creation appeared poised to implode under the pressure of its financial problems.

The shares were suspended in May at 6.5p compared with the 118p at which the Levinsons sold most of their holding in 1994 when the company was floated. As cynics said of John D Rockefeller's bid to prevent the 1929 Wall Street Crash by announcing he was buying: "Who else has any money left?" Such ingratitude might seem a tad unkind, given that Tring is to be rescued by becoming the vehicle for two major music promoters — rock's Harvey Goldsmith and opera's Raymond Gubbay — whose businesses are to be injected for cash and shares. But in the rush of PR hype to welcome such big names some worrying details have been overlooked — in particular regarding the Goldsmith deal, which is to cost Tring £8.3m in cash and shares.

To begin with it emerges that the Levinsons are on both sides of the deal — always the prime place to be if you want the best deal. Not only do their interests have almost 13 per cent of Tring but are also lenders to the company, which they prevented from going bust with a £500,000 loan last month. That is public knowledge. Less so is that the Levinsons have a similar dual relationship with Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments, which it is proposed should be acquired by Tring.

Faced with financial difficulties at his master company Allied Entertainments Group as a result of heavy losses on a feature film, last September Goldsmith raised money from the Levinsons. As a result a Levinson company Halston Holdings SA — registered in the British Virgin Islands but with a post box address in Zurich — became a shareholder in Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments. It paid £750,000 for a block of newly created "A" shares in HGE which is Goldsmith's rock and pop promotion arm. At the same time Halston took a first floating charge over the company's assets and Mark Levinson became a director.

Although Goldsmith and his long-time partner Ed Simons continue to control 80 per cent of HGE, in the event of a winding up the Levinson "A" shares not only must be paid out first but plus £1m unless all 1997 debts have been repaid.

Goldsmith's problems at Allied and with HGE, whose 1996 profits almost halved to £218,000, suggest the Levinsons were in a good position to dictate terms.

For not only will injecting Goldsmith's business — now said to be on the up — save the Levinsons from a total loss on the Tring shares but it will also produce an instant profit on the HGE deal. Under the terms so far outlined Halston Holdings will presumably be repaid any loans from the £10m to be raised and will see its 20 per cent stake more than double in value to almost £1.7m. True, the Levinson interests are to help underwrite the share issue that will fund the cash part of the Goldsmith purchase, but then they can afford to do so.

Veteran *Eye* readers will be aware that the Paul Levinson record shows and the Tring CD proves that it is always better not to hang around in a Levinson situation. Big profits are usually made before the public are let in, followed by a short-term rise and then an often ultimately catastrophic fall. Sportswear company Hay & Robertson, the last Levinson good thing, is currently near its year's low despite the booming stock market.

Those seeing Tring-cum-Goldsmith as a good buy might also care to reflect on the fact that this is not the first time Harvey Goldsmith has presented himself on the stock market stage. Back in 1984 Allied Entertainments was floated at 100p. A year later with the shares having shown little or no growth the company was taken over by Kunick Leisure at around 140p a share. But by May 1986 Kunick were looking for the exit. Control of Kunick by South African interests had created major problems for the Goldsmith business because of many rock stars' anti-apartheid boycott of South Africa. Kunick shares had fallen from 55p to 35p. The leisure group sold Allied Entertainments back to Goldsmith and Simons for £3.4m, almost half what they had paid in August 1985. Tring shareholders — the Levinsons excepted — must hope for a better result this time around.

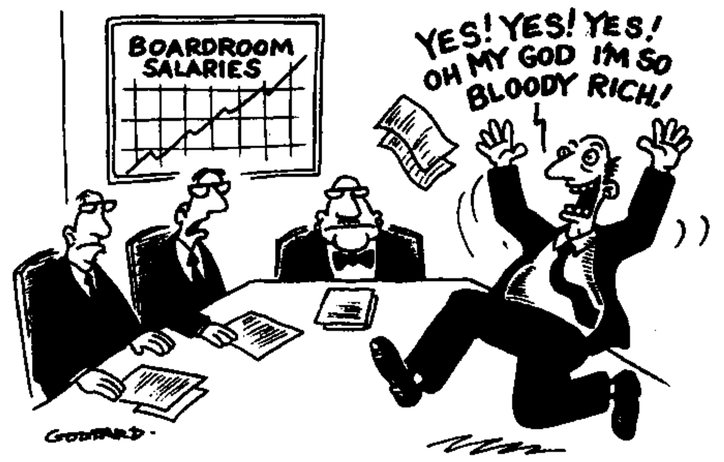
SO THE phoney pharaoh Mohamed Fayed has escaped prosecution over the disappearances from Harrods safe deposit boxes. This decision by the Crown Prosecution Service follows attempts to persuade one of his victims, Helga Schwarzschild, whose family heirlooms disappeared after her box was opened for non-payment of the annual rent, to withdraw her complaint in return for a private settlement. The only other complainant was Fayed's arch-enemy "Tiny" Rowland, the former Lonrho tycoon. Fayed has had to admit that Rowland's box was broken into and the contents copied. But he denies any theft of valuables or damage to documents and tapes as Rowland alleges.

The CPS, who had been awaiting counsel's advice, were unlikely to prosecute over Rowland alone because of the long history of his feud with Fayed. But those with knowledge of the case are suprised by the decision because there was possible evidence to justify a prosecution for conspiracy and/or theft and criminal damage. Subsequent return of stolen goods does not cancel out the intent to permanently deprive at the time the safety box was opened.

But as so often with Fayed the key question was whether the CPS had the will to take him on. Now it will be the home secretary's will over the issue of British citizenship that will be tested, and soon — perhaps in August, when the Commons are no longer sitting.

AMERICAN-BASED Armor Holdings is finding out that building a business in the uncertain world of private armies and corporate gumshoes can be full of unpleasant surprises.

Last year Armor paid some $18m for Defence Systems, one of the leading British mercenary outfits. This year so far it has watched as DSL was thrown out of Angola, one of its biggest contracts,



"Steady on, Bagshaw — remember the Chancellor has asked for restraint."

and its senior management has been hit by seismic rows. Founder Alistair Morrison has been sidelined and now his deputy and former SAS colleague Richard Bethell has walked out. Seems Armor's buttoned-down bean counters may have focused too much on the DSL numbers and not enough on the risky business or the volatile personalities.

PEARSON chairman Sir Dennis Stevenson is edging ever nearer the centre of New Labour power, helped by his old friend Peter Mandelson.

First came the knighthood, then a role as one of those vetting the future BBC deputy chairman. Stevenson was on the panel which rejected the Mandelson-opposed film maker Lord Puttnam and supported the Mandelson-backed book publisher Gail Rebuck. The fact that Pearson supply programmes to the BBC quite rightly did not bar Stevenson from taking part in the process or agreeing with fellow panel member and BBC chairman Sir Christopher Bland who, like his and Mandy's old pal, director-general Sir John Birt, saw Rebuck (their old pal from when LWT part-owned publishers Century Hutchinson) as distinctly preferable to busy-body Puttnam. Sadly, it seems their second choice, Baroness Young, may get the call as the compromise non-crony candidate.

LOBBYIST turned Blair advisor Roger Liddle may have plenty to thank chancellor Gordon Brown for. Recent tax changes in Brown budgets could ensure he defers or avoids any tax on the large profit he made from selling out Prima Europe to GPC Market Access.Liddle is said to have received £260,000 cash for his 25 per cent of a business which cost him and his partners a nominal £1 plus perhaps a share of Prima's liability to pay a further £250,000. On the face of it that suggests a 40 per cent capital gains tax bill next year.

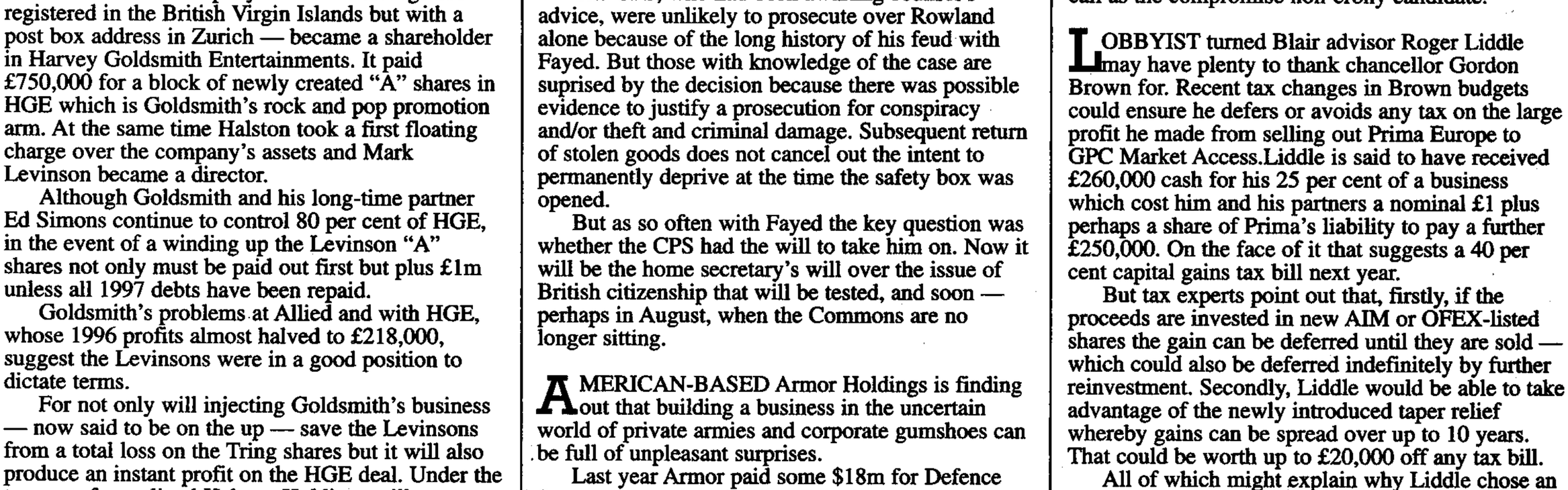
But tax experts point out that, firstly, if the proceeds are invested in new AIM or OFEX-listed shares the gain can be deferred until they are sold — which could also be deferred indefinitely by further reinvestment. Secondly, Liddle would be able to take advantage of the newly introduced taper relief whereby gains can be spread over up to 10 years. That could be worth up to £20,000 off any tax bill.

All of which might explain why Liddle chose an investment manager, Matthew Oakeshott, to run his "blind trust".

'Slicker'

Celeb

LIGGER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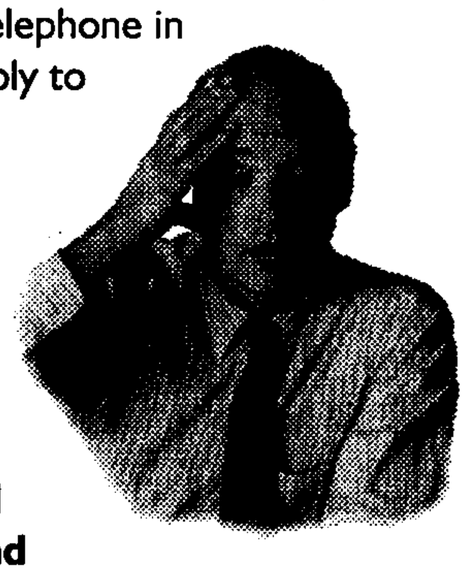

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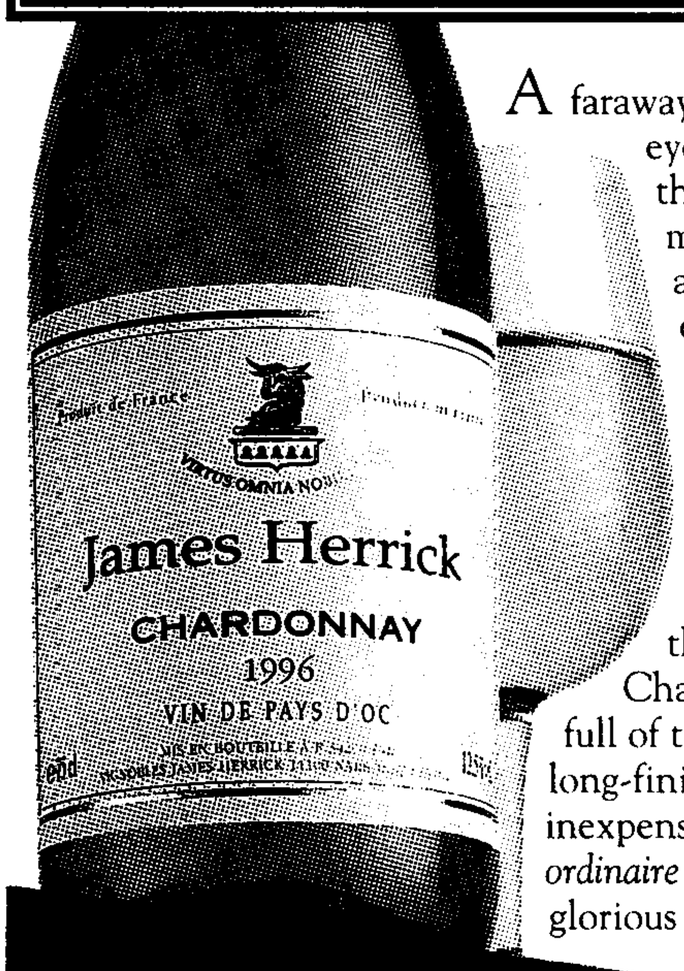

A faraway look comes into people's eyes when mention is made of the South of France. For most, it is the capital of *chic*: a sun-kissed playground of exotic resorts and spectacular scenery studded with ancient vineyards - among them, *La Motte*, *La Boulandière* and *Les Garrigues de Truilhas*, where James Herrick makes the definitive *Midi* Chardonnay. Rich, stylish and full of taste; fresh, yet fruity and long-finishing. And amazingly inexpensive. Why settle for *vin ordinaire* when you can afford the glorious South?

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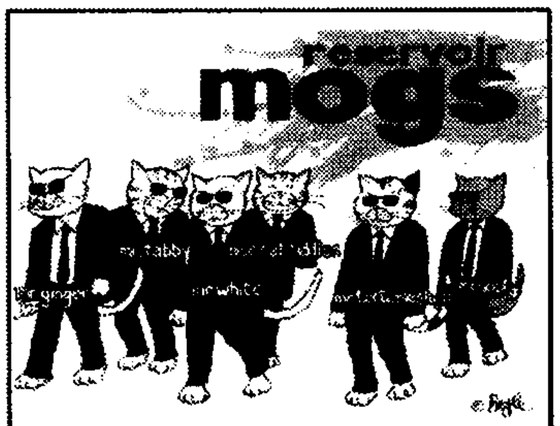

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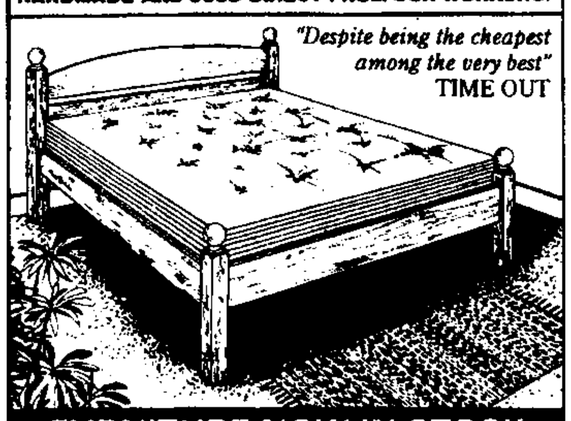

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SO I'VE PLACE AN ADVERT.
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Tall, divorced, humorous
and with a very successful business
(importing French lingerie).
I'm 45, live in the country
(but no ordinary bumpkin).
I love good living
the opera, theatre, music,
good food, pubs,
or sometimes just slobbing out!
You should be 25-35,
very attractive,
fun to be with,
no emotional baggage,
enjoy life, red wine,
conversation, and sensual lingerie!
Hopefully you will live within
50 miles of the Midlands.
Please write with photo
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SOPHISTICATED paraplegic female, 25-45, sought by intelligent asthmatic male, 35 for deep-seated heavy breathing, etc. Inhalers provided – own wheelchair essential. No time wasters please. Deaf women also considered. Box 1055

TALL, SLIM, ATHLETIC guy, late 30's, not unattractive, independent, loyal, caring, considerate – seeks an honest and genuine woman for a sharing one to one relationship. Box 1155.

DO SLOANE RANGERS/ Bridget Joneses exist? Your London based Male counterpart (39) wltm you. View relationship to amaze the smug marrieds. Box 1255.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE professional man, 45, warm-hearted, dry SOH, emotionally open, humanistic/scientific outlook, seeks bright energetic, educated, cultured, reflective female for fulfilling relationship. London/Surrey. Box 1355.

NAVAL ARIFICER, 35, Portsmouth. Socially understimulated. Seeks bright girl to help kill the ennui. Box 1455.

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VICAR (NOT REALLY!), 55, seeks Tart (not necessarily!), 35-55, for discreet mutual unfrocking. Box 1955.

YOU TOO HAVE THOUGHT about it. You're curious and attracted to a discreet little adventure. I'm tall, professional, male, 45, married, and looking for a gentle no-strings relationship. We can meet in Beds, Bucks and Herts. Talk to me. Box 2255.

SOLICITOR, MID-FIFTIES, now owns and runs small holiday village in SW France, recently separated from wife, seeks companion for closed season, willing to help him with small amount of house and site maintenance, gardening and some work on P.C. relation to 1999 lettings. Suitable for Bi-lingual (English/French) lady, "35"-55 yrs. Above all applicant should have good sense of humour and have nothing better to do for at least 6 months starting end of October than to enjoy life and France. Private living accommodation and all living and social expenses paid. Box 1555.

ADVENTUROUS, SENSUAL, independent woman, 50 years, seeks likeminded younger man for mutually satisfying affair. London and South East. Box 1655.

TALL, AMUSING, ATTRACTIVE, sensuous, generous and successful Bristol and London man, 40, seeks a naughty younger woman for some discreet fun and games now that Summer has arrived. I love travel, cinema, theatre, restaurants and dinner parties, music, keeping fit, nights on the town and weekends in the country. if you would like a loving fun relationship with some spice please write to me with your telephone number to Box 0952.

PROF MAN, medium height, seeks lovely lady 30's for laughter, romance and companionship. I am very successful and would like to meet a slim, pretty, intelligent woman. Do you exist? Recent photo much appreciated. Box 1755.

RANDY/FRUSTRATED feminine female, 25-50ish, living Devon/ Cornwall. Retired solvent male, 53, wishes to meet you. Box 1855.

ARTICULATE ATTRACTIVE successful, fit and married male, seeks intelligent, sensual female, 30s-40s for week's fling in Caribbean. Photo and your agenda. Box 2155.

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proff male, 34.
Seeks amazonian beauty
for sports, walks, talks,
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Manchester,
Cheshire.
Box 1153.

HIGHLY EDUCATED assertive woman, 40, wants to be worshipped, obeyed, in serious relationship by exceptionally successful intelligent, cultured, educated, charismatic man. Manchester/London. Box 2755.

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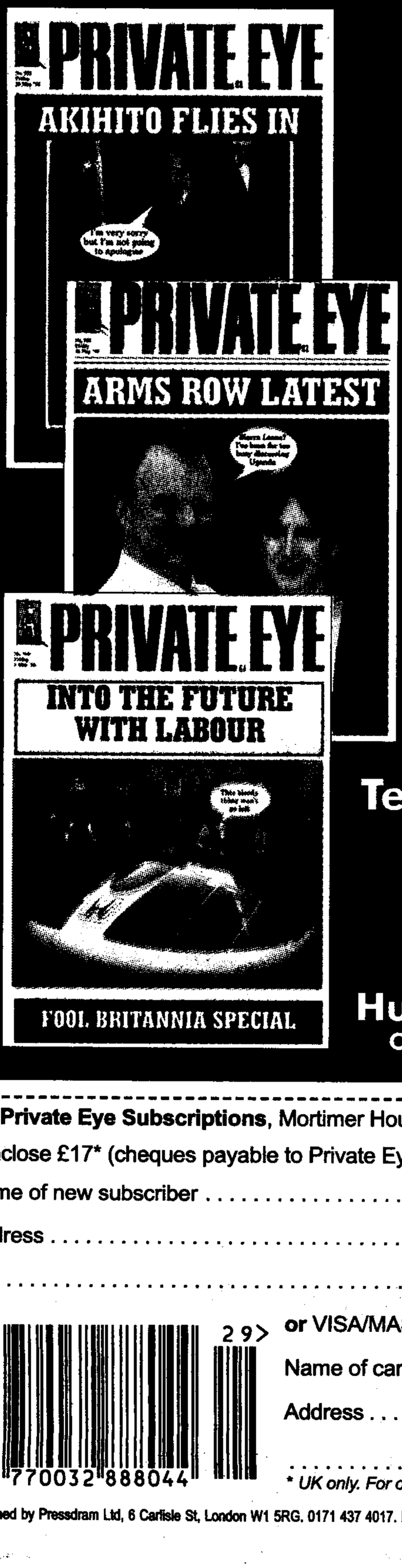

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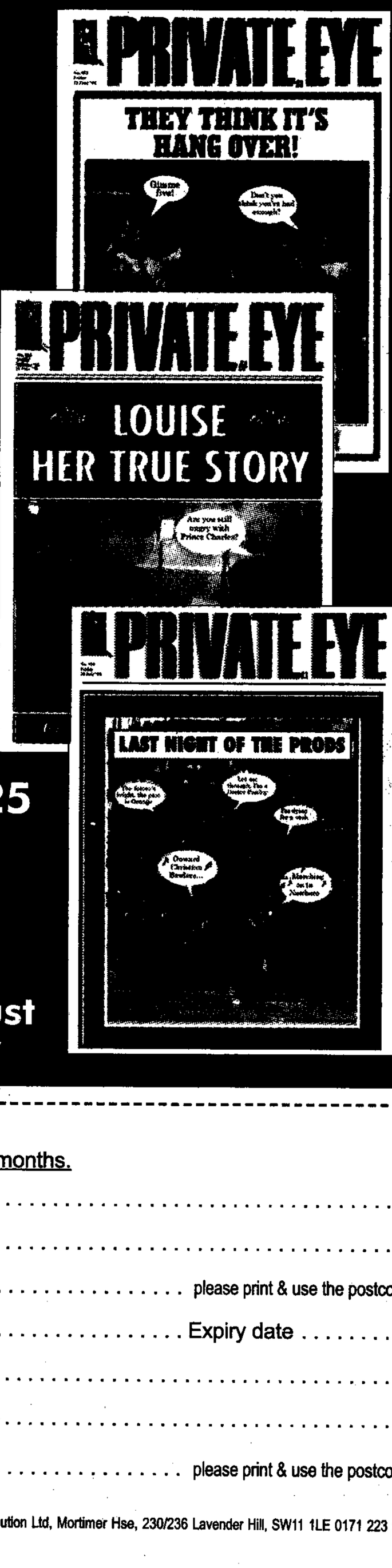

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